The Post

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN GLASGOW EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

NO. 620. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY JULY 1, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

BRITISH TAKE MORE TRENCHES NEAR LENS

ENEMY RETREAT FROM LENS DEFENCES.

400 PRISONERS AND 20 MACHINE GUNS CAPTURED.

FRENCH CRUISER MINED AND SUNK.

ritish troops have captured a further portion of the enemy trench system south of Lens, some prisoners being taken.

ncounters took place between our aeroplanes and large formations of enemy aircraft. In the course of these fights and by means of gun-fire ten enemy machines were brought or driven down.

he fighting in the Meuse region is following a course similar to the historic fighting there in the spring of 1916. Paris reports to-night that all attempts of the enemy to debouch from the trenches on the western slopes of Dead Man Hill were broken by the French fire.

he French cruiser Kleber, 7578 tons, sank after striking a mine while on a voyage from Dakar (West Africa) to Brest. Thirty-eight of the crew are missing.

ndications foreshadowing a Russian offensive appear in the communiques issued at Berlin on Saturday. The evening report states that the Russians attacked from the Upper Strypa to the west bank of the Zlota Lipa.

r Arthur Henderson, in addressing the Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates at Moscow, said as soon as the Allies see proofs that the German Government will grant freedom to its people peace will be at once concluded. Until then Britain will continue to defend her own freedom.

euter learns from an official source that many Belgian deportees are being forced by the Germans to work in the enemy trenches. Many of these have been wounded and some killed by the Allied artillery fire.

MORE TRENCHES AND PRISONERS TAKEN NEAR LENS.

British General Headquarters, France,
Saturday, 9.5 p.m.

Our troops have again made progress during the day south of ns, and have captured a further portion of the enemy's trench stem in this area, together with a few prisoners.

A hostile raiding party was repulsed with loss this morning uth-east of Gouzeaucourt.

Several encounters took place in the air yesterday between our roplanes and large formations of hostile machines.

As a result of the fighting five German aeroplanes were brought wn and four others were driven down out of control.

One other enemy machine was shot down by fire from the round.

One of our aeroplanes is missing.

400 PRISONERS AND 20 MACHINE GUNS CAPTURED.

France, Saturday Night.

As a consequence of the activity of the last few days around the ens salient and south of it we have made a substantial gain of terriy, taking something like 400 prisoners and about twenty machine uns, and have killed and wounded a very large number of the emy.

Our own casualties in these operations have been light relative the numbers engaged and the success achieved.

On the whole the enemy has not been fighting well, although ere have been instances to the contrary. He knows that he is oing backwards all the time, and whether he is told that this is cording to plan or whether he has the perception to realise that he being beaten back, the result must equally be to produce the under dog" feeling.

More than once the occupants of trenches and posts have bolted the advance of our men. Even the order of the Higher Command economise man-power to the utmost can scarcely justify such tac-s. The spirit of our own troops is indomitable beyond praise.—ess Association Special Correspondent.

GERMAN LEAVING LENS DEFENCES.

BRITISH STRIKE AT PROPER TIME.

(By Press Association's Special Correspondent.)

France, Saturday Night.

The Western front has assumed a kaleediscopic character in these days, and during the past week the centre of interest has fluctuated between Lens and Oppy.

On Sunday last the Germans began to show tangible proofs that they were tired of playing our game by sitting in and around the mining town to be shelled from the high ground we now command, so they made a slight rearguard move.

This yielding to the sustained pressure of our front line was immediately detected, and strong patrols were pushed out to maintain aggressive contact with the enemy.

British Strike at Proper Moment.

Down to Thursday evening we had been systematically ousting the Germans in a north-easterly direction, by which time our line roughly ran from the fringe of the Cite de Loulin across the Souchez river and the Lens-Arras road, through the old trench system in front of Bleu Dit, bending round so as to follow the trend of the Pericourt-Avion switch.

The double operations which developed on Thursday evening, although distinct in their phases, were part of the same tactical scheme.

The enemy's withdrawal from the other defences of Lens had tended to weaken the resisting powers of the Oppy line between that place and the Souchez, and so occasion was taken by the hand to strike a blow here with quite satisfactory results, which have already been recorded in a general way.

GENERAL PERSHING'S CONFIDENCE.

TROOPS WORTHY TO FIGHT WITH FRENCH.

London, Saturday Night.

One of the Press Association's correspondents in France telegraphs:—

On board the American flagship, the Admiral in command of the warships which so successfully convoyed the first transports bringing United States troops to France today received a number of foreign correspondents on board his flagship. The reception took place in the Admiral's cabin, one of the few articles of furniture of which was a gun ready for action.

General Pershing, dapper as usual, was the first to appear. He was followed by the Admiral, who gave us his account of his voyage. "Only a few weeks ago," he said, "I was standing at the foot of the Yorktown Monument, which commemorates the establishment of our independence with the assistance of the great French Admiral De Grasse. To-day is the happiest day of my life, the day when our navy is enjoying the hospitality of a French port, where we have landed. I consider it my duty to express at this moment my appreciation of the active and close co-operation with me in this extraordinary expedition on the part of the general and his officers and men. Never was co-operation and co-ordination between the two arms of our national defence more necessary and more complete than at present.

General Pershing next spoke:—"I consider," he remarked, "that this is one of the pleasantest days I have spent in France preparing for arrival of our first contingent. To-day I have seen our troops, sound in wind and limb, leading the transports which have brought them to French soil under the vigilant protection of our navy. Now, our duty as soldiers is clear. We hope, with the help of French experts, who have given us the benefit of their experience, to turn out troops worthy to fight shoulder to shoulder with the French Army."

General Pershing left no doubt nn the minds of his hearers of his quiet confidence in victory and the impatience of his men to get into the fighting line to avenge the French who went before them.

STRIKE AT GERMAN MUNITION WORKS.

Amsterdam (Received Saturday.)

The Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant states some 250 munition workers at Isselburg, on the German frontier, have struck for better food and wages.

RIOTS AT BUDAPEST.

MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED.

Geneva, Saturday.

A message from Budapest reports that the disorders have been suppressed, but that the populace continues excited.

Martial law was proclaimed on Thursday night.

Rioters looted many of the food shops.

Amsterdam (Received Saturday).

The Weser Zeitung's version of the franchise demonstration in Budapest says the crowd carried a coffin bearing the inscription—"Here is Tisza's franchise."

The club of the Count Tisza party was surrounded by a police cordon, and a tumult arose which looked as if it might become dangerous, but the Secretaries of State for the Ministry of the Interior appeared on the scene and calmed the crowd.

The demonstration was the biggest ever held against Count Tisza.

The Vossische Zeitung states in the general attack on the club the weapons used were stones, pieces of iron, and pieces of tools. Every window was smashed.

Later on the crowd made a demonstration in front of the club, throwing all kinds of missiles and shouting to Count Tisza to come out. No one appeared in reply. This demonstration went on for about an hour.

Afterwards the crowd held up and destroyed some electric tramcars, but they were finally dispersed when the troops summoned arrived.

AUSTRIAN PREMIER'S PEACE STATEMENT.

Amsterdam (Received Saturday).

A Vienna telegram published by the Frankfurter Zeitung says the speech made by De Seidler, Austrian Premier, in the Lower House of the Reichsrath, in which he said it was reserved to the Emperor to conclude peace, has caused disappointment generally. The German parties point out that the declaration on the whole means that Parliament will have no influence on the future peace negotiations. The sitting at which De Seidler spoke was stormy.

VENEZLOS' CALL TO GREECE

TO TAKE ITS PLACE BESIDE THE ALLIES.

Athens, June 28 (received Saturday Night).

On the occasion of the arrival in Athens of the Cretan regiment enthusiastic demonstrations tookplace before the Hotel Grande Bretagne, where M. Venezelos is staying.

M. Venezelos appeared in the balcony amid cheers, and delivered a great speech.

He recited the reason which had compelled hi mto arouse the healthy part of the nation and try to save the country and create a new Greece, which, remembering its national traditions and faithful to its alliances and its friendships, would range itself on the side of its traditional friends and the protecting Powers in order to defend itself against its hereditary enemies.

The place of Greece, he said, is beside the democratic nations struggling for the freedom of the world against the two Central Powers, who have as Allies our two hereditary foes. We realise that if we do not drive the Bulgarians from Eastern Macedonia that part of Greek territory will be exposed to great danger.

Before thinking of mobilising that part of Greece which has not taken part in our movement, we must vitalise its military organisations, which has fallen into such decay, and bring about the fusion of the two armies in brotherly co-operation. We are going to call out the untrained classes of 1916-1917.

AUSTRALIA'S WAY.

Encouraging Returned Soldiers.

Sydney, Saturday.

Mr Hughes, the Commonwealth Premier, speaking here yesterday, announced the immediate submission to Parliament of a measure embodying an effective and generous system of repatriation. The Commonwealth Government, the Premier added, was also naming a scheme for the purpose of safeguarding the interests of the wives and children of married men who enlisted.

As far as possible, he said, no eligible single man would be employed by the Commonwealth if a returned soldier were equally suitable.

A RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE.

MR HENDERSON AT MOSCOW.

STRAIGHT TALK TO WORKERS' DELEGATES.

Moscow, Saturday.

Mr Arthur Henderson was present today at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Local Council of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, and furnished information regarding the labour organisations in Great Britain.

Mr Henderson, in the course of a speech to the committee, expressed himself as follows:—

We are anxious to see freedom not only in America, Great Britain, Russia, and France, but also in Germany and Austria, and as soon as we see proofs that the German Government will grant freedom to its people peace will be at once concluded. Until then Great Britain will continue to defend her own freedom. We shall have need of you no less after the war, and you will have need of us. Consequently we must fight together.

M. Roudneff, member of the Executive Committee, in the course of a reply to Mr Henderson, pointed out that the Council would like to see the British working classes adopt an unprejudiced attitude in regard to an international conference, which ought to accelerate the establishment of peace.

Mr Henderson said he would raise this question on his return to Britain.

M. Lednitz, president of the committee charged with the settlement of the affairs of Poland, gave a reception to-day in honour of Mr Henderson.

FIGHTING ACTIVITY INCREASING.

London, Saturday Night.

There are indications in telegrams received to-night that the Russian Army may soon begin on offensive.

The Russian official report issued at Petrograd to-day states that in certain sectors to the south of Pripet there has been increased artillery activity on both sides. The firing has been ecpesially intensein the directions of Zolochev and Brzezam.

More definite allusion to the subject are found in the German report on the Russian front issued at Berlin to-day. This report states:—

Front of Prince Leopold of Bavaria.—Owing to the increasing pressure of the other Entente Powers, the Russian fighting activity in Eastern Galicia begins to give the impression that attacks are intended.

Further indications of a Russian offensive appear in the evening communique received from Berlin, which states:—

Eastern Front.—After strong fire Russian infantry attacks launched from the Upper Stryps, as far as the western bank of the Zlota Lipa, broke down under our destructive fire.

SPAIN AND THE U BOATS.

Madrid (received Saturday).

King Alfonso has signed the following decree:—Article I. — Sumbarines of all belligerent nations prohibited from navigating in waters within jurisdiction of Spain, and from entering Spanish ports. Article II.—All submarines mentioned in Article I. which enters waters within the jurisdiction of Spain for any reason will be interned until end of war. Article III.—Submarines of neutral nations may penetrate Spanish waters, but must travel on surface and fly their national flag plainly showing.

Pointed French Comment.

Paris, Saturday.

Most newspapers commenting on departure of German submarine UC52 from Cadiz, consider it a regrettable event as far as Franco-Anglo-Spanish relations are concerned.

The Matin says:—"To offer us as sole satisfaction the word of honour of the pirate surely shows some lack of seriousness. Great Britain and France consider German submarines as beyond law owing to the nature of their operations. In spite of the joint energetic protest from Allies, UC52 has left Cadiz, and French sentiments have been wounded in a way that is to be regretted, and will not readily be forgotten."

[The UC52 was found near Cadiz Bay on June 11 with her engines damaged by gunfire by the Spanish torpedo boat No. 6, which towed her into Cadiz. It was then stated that as the repairs would take over two days, the wireless installation would be dismantled and the submarine, apparently, would be interned. The vessel has now been allowed to leave on the commander promising to proceed direct to a German port, and engage in no act of war en route.]

MEUSE BATTLE RESUMED.

FRENCH RECAPTURE TRENCHES.

ENEMY STORM TROOPS ANNIHILATED.

Paris, Saturday Night.

To the north of St Quentin an enemy surprise attack on our small posts in the region of Gricourt was easily repulsed.

On the left bank of the Meuse both artilleries continued very active between Avocourt Wood and the Dead Man (Mort Homme).

On the western slopes of the Dead Man the enemy repeatedly attempted to increase his advantage. All his attempts to debouch from the front line trenches which he occupied last night were broken by our fire, or driven back by our counter-attacks.

We took about twenty more prisoners, including three officers. (French night official report.)

Paris, Saturday.

Yesterday, at the close of the day, we launched to the west of Hill 304 a counter-attack which restored to us a part of the trenches previously occupied by the enemy.

At the same moment the Germans started a strong offensive action to the west of the Mort Homme on a front of over two kilometres. Our soldiers resisted with the greatest valour the furious assaults of the Stross-truppen (storming troops), which our fire almost annihilated.

The enmy, who succeeded at first in penetrating our first line on the entire length of the front of attack, was driven back on the greater part of the area by our energetic counter-attacks, excepting on the slopes west of the Mort Homme, which he held.—(French official report.)

BRITISH ADVANCE ON FOUR MILE FRONT.

Series of Strong Positions Captured Near Lens.

London, Saturday.

The following message was received this afternoon from British General Headquarters:—

Additional information is now available which confirms the success of our recent operations in the neighbourhood of Lens.

Besides the captures of prisoners and machine guns already reported, an important advance has been made on a total front of about four miles to a depth of over a mile.

As a result of our attacks, a series of strongly organised defensive systems on both banks of the River Souchez, covering the town of Lens, have been captured.

Our troops have gained the whole of their objectives on each occasion, with slight loss, while inflicting considerable casualties on the enemy.

Positions of great strength as well as of tactical and strategical importance have thus passed into our hands.

AUSTRIANS BREAKING WITH GERMANY.

A Protest in the Reichstag.

Zurich (Received Saturday).

The Innesbrucker Nachrichten, chief clerical organ of the Tyrol, says that the new Austrian Cabinet contains no personalities in whom either Germans, Austrians, or Czechs can feel any confidence. Nevertheless, the Slavs realise their victory in the disappearance of the last survivors of Count Stnergkhs Ministry from the Government.

The new Cabinet signifies defeat of German predominance in Austria. Non-Germans have now the same chance of attaining political power as Germans It is a fact, says the writer, that during the war non-German races have had in their ranks elements acting treasonably against the dual Monarchy.

In a speech made a Freiburg, and quoted at great length in the German Clerical press, the leader of the Clerical Party in the Reichstag (Herr Fehrenbach) protested against the formation of a Catholic Peace Union at Gratz as tending to weaken the power of central authority in Austria and to lead to trouble between Austria and Germany. Herr Fehrenbach insisted on the necessity of Germany's getting a war indemnity, otherwise he considered the taxation in Germany after the war would become an intolerable burden.

USE OF TIMBER FOR ROAD WORKS.

London, Saturday Night.

The Local Government Board has addressed a circular to Local Authorities stating that their attention has been drawn by the Controller of Timber Supplies to the grave difficulties which now obtain in regard to the provision of timber to meet the enormous present and prospective demands for purposes of national importance, and to the urgency of reducing to a minimum the consumption of timber for all but the most essential needs

It is strongly urged, the letter states, that the use of timber for road works should be confined to the sole purpose of repairs, that the relaying of all wood paving should be deferred for the present, and that where works for the improvement of road surfaces cannot possibly be postponed, the local authorities should adopt some alternative method, such as surfacing with asphalte or other bituminous material, or taking up a section of sound wood paving which could be replaced with setts, and using the blocks thus set free for repairing worn-out places.

Economy in the use of timber has a very special bearing on the problem of saving tonnage at the present time.

U.S. TROOPS IN FRANCE.

ANXIOUS TO GET TO FIGHTING LINE.

Somewhere in France (Received Saturday Night).

In this port there arrived one after another American transports which had braved all the devilry of German submarines.

These American troops did not come to meet huge cheering crowds, but the welcome of the French of the town was of the heartiest and warmest.

We have seen our new Allies tramp past to their camp, a mile and more out. They are fine, hefty, young fellows, for the most part recruited from the farmlands of Texas, where the American Army found itself when war broke out engaged in keeping the Mexicans in order.

An officer with whom I had a talk said—"Our fellows whom you see here are new to war, but they are of the old fighting breed, and they will pull out al lright once they are in face of the Boches. All our fellows want now is to get done with drills and have a bit of real fighting. Don't think Our Allies will be ashamed of us."

Alongside the quays are huge vessels. The impression I got from a long day's visiting of the port and camp and from talks with officers and men is that America means serious business, and that the Germans in their trenches will soon need to reckon with these Texan cowboys.

BRAZIL MAY ENTER THE WAR.

Effect of Germany's Ill-Treatment of Neutrals.

London, Saturday Night.

Reuter's Agency learns from prominent Brazilians in London that the news of the revocation of Brazilian neutrality between the Allies and the Central Powers has been received with no surprise, but with the greatest satisfaction. It has long been deemed inevitable for Brazil to take this further step in order to maintain her ideals.

The continued ill-treatment of neutrals by Germany has made it impossible for Brazil to remain impartial, and the revocation of neutrality will, it is believed, lead very shortly to a declaration of war.

JOHN MACLEAN NOW FREE.

GOVAN EX-TEACHER'S LIBERATION.

"MORE REVOLUTIONARY THAN EVER."

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The school teacher, Mr John M'Lean, who fifteen months ago was sentenced under the Defence of the Realm Act to three years' penal servitude for making statements at public meetings calculated to prejudice recruiting and impede the output of munitions, was released to-day on license by the Secretary of State for Scotland.

In the course of the evening Mr M'Lean was interviewed at his house by a "Post Sunday Special" representative. He appeared to be as energetic and full of life as ever, and said that he was physically fit except for a slight bronchial trouble, which he hoped would disappear after a short holiday.

Asked as to his intentions for the future, he said he was going to fight till he got back to a position under the Govan School Board, the Board under which he formerly served. He was determined to get back there supposing he only taught for a single day. Another project he had in view was to establish the Labour College which was spoken of before his arrest.

"Quite Unrepentant."

"I am quite unrepentant," he said with a smile, "and more revolutionary than ever." He indicated that he would also make arrangements to resume his winter class on economics, which, numbering about five hundred, he claimed to be the biggest of its kind in the world.

Laughingly he produced 5s from his pocket, and explained to the "Post" representative that that was the gratuity he had earned during his fifteen months in prison. There might be more, but he had got that in the meantime, and he intended to have it made into a brooch or other ornament for his wife to wear as a souvenir of the occasion.

Telegram to the Premier.

Mr M'Lean explained that, acting on his advice, his wife had sent a telegram to Mr Lloyd George while that gentleman was in Glasgow on Friday, and another telegram to the Secretary for Scotland, the latter gentleman indicating in a reply, promptly despatched, that Mr M'Lean would be liberated at the earliest possible moment. As a matter of fact, he was liberated at eleven o'clock this morning.

Mr M'Lean is understood to be liberated on license, as above stated, but so far he has not received his license, and does not know the terms of it. He, therefore, regards himself in the meantime as absolutely and unconditionally free.

It is understood that arrangements are being made for a big reception to Mr M'Lean by his comrades on Sunday next.

The remains of the late Sheriff Gardner Millar, K.C., LL.D., were interred in Glasgow Necropolis, yesterday. A funeral service, conducted at the Cathedral, was attended by the Lord Provost, several of the Magistrates, and many representatives from the city and provincial Law Courts.

TO PUT STOP TO PROFITEERING.

LORD RHONDDA ON HIS OFFICE.

TO BE CONSUMERS' GUARDIAN TRUSTEE.

Cardiff, Saturday Night.

Lord Rhondda, at Cardiff to-day, gave some inkling of his line of policy as Food Controller. The occasion of the speech was the presentation to the ex-Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Councillor Dr Robert J. Smith, of his portrait in oils. Referring to the new office—the Food Controller—in which he found himself, Lord Rhondda said:—I did not volunteer for the job. On the contrary, I was conscripted by the Prime Minister very reluctantly against my will, and when I was passed by the Medical Board—I won't say Class A exactly, but fit for general departmental service—well, I thought in times like these I had no option but to surrender to the Prime Minister's wiles. But it was not an unconditionel surrender. I made terms. (A Voice—"As usual." Laughter.)

I joined the new department on condition that I was given a free hand, and that my work in respect to the Ministry of Health in my old department—in fact the work which I had set my heart upon for the last six months—was safeguarded. Whilst these cautions are observed by the Government I shall spare no effort of mine to make the Ministry of Food a success. I hope it will be. (Applause.) I shall make every endeavour to do my duties without fear or favour, but cannot hope to please everyone.

Guardian Trustee of the Poor Consumer.

He should not be surprised if in a few weeks he should be enjoying a fair measure of unpopularity, as many of them do—not for the first time in his life. (Laughter.) He had a suspicious feeling at the back of his mind that the reason the Prime Minister chose him for the very difficult job—he had almost said "impossible" task—after so many better men had refused, was that from past knowledge he knew that long years of public life had given him the hide of a rhinoceros—(laughter)—he told the Premier he believed his best recommendation for the post was he did not very much mind what anybody said about him. He had no constituents now, thank God. (Laughter.) I am going there, continued Lord Rhondda, and let there be no mistake about it, is the guardian trustee of the consumers, and more particularly of the poor consumer. (Applause.)

Sanguine of Obtaining Reduction in Prices.

He hoped he should not disappoint, but he was not going to tell them very much. There was an Eastern maxim which advised one not to say what you were going to do to you were going to do it. He had hardly got into the saddle yet, and did not intend to allow himself to be hurried into any premature action or piecemeal disclosure of what his policy was going to be.

He was sangume he would be able to secure substantial reduction in prices of some of the necessaries of life, and hoped to improve their regulation and distribution.

He was not satisfied with the powers he had, and was going to take more powers. They did not expect him to perform miracles, and he knew they would exercise patience, and give him a little time to turn round. They must bear in mind the great extension of the work of the Food Controller, and it was necessary to reorganise the department the magnitude of which had been impressed upon him already in the few days he had been at the office.

To Stop Profiteering.

He would at any rate have the advantage of his predecessory, and Lord Devonport had done very great work under very difficult conditions, and he did not think he was bound to say that he had been fairly treated. He would benefit by Lord Devonport's experience and take advantage of the knowledge of the very many failures of experiments made in Germany.

He was determined if he could, and he believed that to a very large extent he could, to put a stop to profiteering and speculation in food.

At the same time he warned his hearers that rise in price was due also to war conexisted in supply, finance, currency, and credit, and it would be impracticable to bring down prices to anything approaching the pre-war standard. He hoped they would not only be able to stop the soaring of prices, but bring them down somewhat. They must not, however, fix all on his shoulders. It could only be done with their help. He wanted every man and woman to become a food controller and vigilance committee to see that the orders and directions of the Food Controller were carried out, and in a very short time he hoped to make another call on local authorities to assist him in carrying out the directions and orders of the Local Government Board, and he was sure when he made that call it would be responded to. (Applause.)

Replying to a vote of thanks, Lord Rhondda said he would be quite content to be judged by what he did, and not by what he might promise to do.

BISHOP'S BELIEF IN AERIAL REPRISALS.

Poison Gas a Precedent.

Birmingham, Saturday Night.

The Bishop of Birmingham, in a letter to his clergy, utterly opposes a peace which does not prevent Prussia from having a strong power in Europe. Regarding reprisals, he says we had to use poison gas in self-defence. So with air attacks. We may bomb German towns, and cannot distinguish between innocent and the rest of the nation. We cannot move our foes except by force, and in this we are simply bringing our methods up to the present war standard.

BIG BLAZE AT GRANGEMOUTH.

GOVERNMENT FODDER DESTROYED.

FIRE BRIGADE'S DIFFICULT TASK.

Falkirk, Saturday Night.

One of the most destructive fires ever witnessed at Grangemouth took place to-night, when, shortly after seven o'clock, flames were discovered to have broken out at the east end of an extensive area of ground known as Salvesen's Yard, and situated on the east side of Earl's Road, Grangemouth.

The yard was almost wholly occupied as a storing ground for Government hay, of which a quantity, estimated at from 5000 to 7000 tons, was stacked. The fodder was bound in bales, and built into about ten stacks, the largest of which measured about eighty yards long and thirty yards broad.

The outbreak had its origin at the east end of the yard in a stack covered with a corrugated iron roof. The cause of the fire is unknown, but by some it is conjectured that the heat of the sun on the iron roof may not be an unreasonable explanation of the mischief.

A Huge Conflagration.

Fanned by a high wind the flames spread with amazing rapidity, and soon dense clouds of smoke filled the air. The Grangemouth Fire Brigade was summoned, but was utterly unable to make progress, and in the space of an hour the fire had assumed enormous proportions. The heat was intense, and it was barely possible for the firemen to approach within a considerable distance of the burning mass.

Soon after eight o'clock the last stack caught fire, and the whole store became hopelessly involved On the north side of the yard is situated the wood yard of Brown & Lees, Ltd., but, owing to the direction of the wind, the premises were not endangered. Two sheds, however, within the ground, containing hay and red wood deals, also caught fire, but while the wood was saved by men carrying it into railway waggons drawn up alongside, the hay was destroyed.

At 9.30 p.m. the fire was still raging, and there seemed no prospect of extinguishing it by water, the supply of which is miserably poor, and the closely-packed stacks will probably have to be allowed to burn themselves out.

The damage will, it is thought, run into thousands of pounds.

BOY FALLS DEAD AT SPORTS.

PAINFUL AFFAIR AT PIERSHILL.

Musselburgh, Saturday Night.

A sad affair occurred this afternoon in the sports ground at Northfield, Piershill, where military sports were being held, a boy falling down dead. He was Walter M'Lay (11), whose home address is 14 Queen Street, Falkirk. He was with his parents viewing the sports when the seizure occurred. Medical assistance was immediately gived by Major Doig, R.F.

FATE OF KIRKCALDY R.F.C. OFFICER.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday Night.

In a reconnoitring expedition over the German lines on 3d June a British air squadron encountered an enemy aircraft formation, and at once gave battle.

The German machines were driven off, but one British aeroplane descended with engine trouble, and one was shot down. In one of these the observation officer was Lieutenant Fred Harley, Black Watch (attached R.F.C.), son of Mr John Harley, Blinkbonny, Kirkcaldy, and great anxiety has been felt as to his fate.

On 26th June a German airman, flying over the British lines, dropped a packet containing a list of the names of British airmen who had come down in the German lines, with the words "dead" or "prisoner" opposite each name. In the list was the name of Lieutenant F. W. Harley marked "dead." The War Office has accordingly notified his father to this effect.

Lieutenant Harley was severely wounded a year ago while serving with his Black Watch battalion. He was associated with his father in the business of the Fife Forge Co., Ltd., Kirkcaldy.

FETES IN AND AROUND GLASGOW.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A number of fetes were held in and around the city this afternoon, the weather, fortunately, being very favourable.

In the grounds of Garscube (by kind permission of Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell of Succoth) a fete was held in aid of the Y.M.C.A. huts at home and abroad, a feature being a free gift sale under the convenership of Lady Stirling Maxwell.

A grand fete in aid of the Red Cross Society was held on the grounds of Clarkston Bowling and Tennis Club. President M'Diarmid welcomed the visitors, of whom there were many, and the entertainments provided included tennis matches, clock and ladder golf. Mr Murray, the eminent entertainer, and several artistes from Glasgow Alhambra, contributed to the programme.

WELL-KNOWN EDINBURGH RUNNER WOUNDED.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

Intimation has been received in Edinburgh to-night that R. Bruce, Edinburgh, known on the track as "R. Brunton," who won the £100 sprint at Powderhall last January, has been wounded in France. It appears that Brunton, who was attached to a labour battalion, was struck by shrapnel on the face, damaging his remaining eye.

MUSSELBURGH GIRL'S ORDEAL.

STRANGE AFFAIR ON THE BEACH.

ENGINEER GETS OFF WITH A FINE.

Musselburgh, Saturday.

"It is fortunate that the accused is not being remitted from this bar on the capital charge," said the Public Prosecutor in Musselburgh Police Court to-day when the case of Charles Fox, engineer (57), residing in Bonnington Road, Leith, pleaded guilty to improper conduct towards a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl on the beach the previous afternoon.

The Prosecutor stated that the girl, the motherless daughter of a soldier on service, was accosted by the accused, who induced her to take a trip to Musselburgh.

Poured Whisky Down Girl's Throat

His behaviour was so suspicious that his movements attracted the attention of a local miner who happened to be on the beach. The miner kept the accused under observation, and noticed that after the child had struggled with her companion Fox took a bottle of whisky and poured some of the contents down her throat.

The miner rushed to the child's aid, and found her in a choking condition. With the aid of a soldier he followed Fox to Joppa Railway Station, a mile and a half distant, where he secured his apprehension by the police.

The Prosecutor asked for the fullest penalty, and this Bailie Gibb imposed—namely, £10, with the option of sixty days' imprisonment.

ABERDEEN OFFICER KILLED.

FALLS WHILE LEADING HIS COMPANY.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

Information reached Aberdeen to-day that Lieutenant Allan S. Milne, Gordon Highlanders, had fallen in action in France on 26th June, while, as temporary captain, leading his company.

Lieutenant Milne was well known in Aberdeen as chief assistant in the legal firm of Messrs Davidson & Reid, Union Street. After his education at the Robert Gordon Technical College and the University, where he graduated M.A. and B.L., he served his apprenticeship with Messrs Hunter & Gordon.

GLASGOW HEADMASTER'S SUDDEN DEATH.

Glasgow, Saturday.

A painful sensation was created in St Enoch Station this morning by the sudden death of Mr Alex. M'Dougall, headmaster of Stewartville Public School, Partick.

It appears that Mr M'Dougall collapsed on No. 3 Platform while running to catch the 8.10 train for Largs, which was leaving the station at the time. He was carried into the Red Cross Restaurant, where he immediately expired.

Mr M'Dougall was a native of Greenock, and had been a teacher under Govan Parish School Board since 1882. Eleven years ago he was appointed headmaster of Polmadie Public School, and two years ago was transferred to Stewartville Public School. He held the M.A. and B.Sc. degrees of Glasgow University, and resided at 11 Clifford Street, Paisley Road. He was sixty years of age.

GLASGOW SURGEON'S ACTION.

Modified Fees Granted.

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

Sheriff Penney to-day issued his interlocutor in the action brought by Dr Nigel Stark, 4 Newton Place, Glasgow, against Robert W. Robins, formerly monumental sculptor, Glasgow, and now resident at Thistle Cottage, Toward, for the recovery of £35 14s, being fees charged for performing an operation on defender's wife in a Glasgow nursing home in 1915 for the removal of a tumour.

The Sheriff finds that in January defender and his wife consulted pursuer with regard to the wife's health, that the pursuer recommended an operation, and arranged for her entry into a nursing home; that he operated on her on 5th February, removing a large tumour, but that she unfortunately died the same evening; that in 1916 pursuer rendered an account for £19 19s, to which no attention was paid; that in 1917 pursuer's agents made a formal demand for £35 14s, on the ground that the previous account had been modified out of consideration for the defender's circumstances and loss, and finally the action was served, finds that the operation was properly performed at the desire and with the consent of Mrs Robins, and that her husband is bound to remunerate pursuer; finds that although the charge of £31 10s for the operation (£4 4s being for outlays) is not extortionate, the original charge of £15 15s is, in the whole circumstances, reasonable and sufficient, and therefore grants decree for £19 19s, and finds the pursuer entitled to expenses, which the Sheriff-Substitute modified to the sum of £10 10s.

MILITARY BOXING TOURNAMENT.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A military boxing tournament was carried through in Edinburgh to-night for the purpose of aiding the Limbless Soldiers' and Sailors' Association and the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshop.

Numerous regiments were represented, amongst others the Royal Scots, H.L.I., A. and S.H., and Scottish Rifles. A feature of the proceedings wa san exhibition contest between Lance-Corporal Tancy Lee and Rudd, the light-weight champion of India.

LLOYD GEORGE'S TRIBUTE TO SCOTTISH TROOPS.

DECLARES CONFIDENTLY THAT WE SHALL WIN.

CALL TO PEOPLE FOR UNITY AND DETERMINATION.

Dundee, Saturday.

THE British Empire's greatest optimist, and its most cyclonic, virile, magnetic man, the Hon. David Lloyd George, this afternoon stirred to a high pitch of enthusiasm thousands of Dundonians when he prophesied—nay, rather assured as a thing beyond shadow of doubt—certain victory for the Allied cause.

"We are fighting for the rights of men as men, and we shall win," was the dramatic and inspiring challenge that rang from his lips, and those near enough to note the gleam in his eyes, the firm, unbending lines of a dauntless determination that mark his features, thrilled to the knowledge that this Statesman and orator spoke the truth and nothing but the truth.

A Memorable Occasion.

The occasion was a memorable one in the history of the city. The freedom of Dundee was being presented to the Prime Minister in recognition of his distinguished position as a Statesman, of his eminent public services to the country, and especially because of the gigantic efforts he has made to bring victory to the British and Allied arms and to secure an honourable and lasting peace. Incidentally, it is of interest to point out that Mr Lloyd George not only succeeded Mr Asquith as the most important subject of the King, but that he succeeded him to-day as the youngest Burgess of Scotland's third city.

The right honourable gentleman and Mrs Lloyd George arrived on the previous night from Glasgow, and the couple had a magnificent reception. They stayed overnight at the residence of Lord Provost Don, and Dundee, bathed in sunshine, was looking its very best when the Prime Minister and his party journeyed down town for the ceremony.

Long before the time fixed for the start of the meeting, the streets adjacent to the Kinnaird Hall were lined with thousands of citizens, all bent upon letting the Premier and his lady understand that they were really delighted to have them in their midst. And it was a welcome that the able son of the Principality seemed to deeply appreciate, judging by the smiles that frequently illumined his countenance.

Interested Ladies.

The hall was packed, and thousands failed to obtain admission, which was by ticket, and when the Premier and his wife appeared on the platform they were greeted by a hurricane of cheers. The Magistrates and Councillors, and practically all the leading men of the city and district, were on the platform, and a number of Provosts and dignitaries of other Forfarshire towns were also present, several of them wearing their chains of office.

In marked variance with similar functions of the long-vanished piping times of peace, ladies were numerically conspicuous in the audience, and it was apparent that they were keenly interested not only in the Premier but in Mrs Lloyd George, whose quiet charm of manner and refreshing simplicity gained for her many well-merited words of praise.

Lord Provost Don presided over the gathering, which included many well-known army and naval officers and a sprinkling of their gallant wounded.

The Lord Provost spoke of the genius displayed by Mr Lloyd George in uniting men of all political parties in a common bond and in dealing with the financial situation when the war was still in its infancy.

Thoughtful and Solemn.

It was observed that the Prime Minister seldom raised his eyes while these encomiums were being passed upon his gigantic services not only in the cause of the Empire, but on behalf of the future welfare of the world. He looked not only thoughtful, but solemn, and it was only when the Chief Magistrate, towards the end of his speech, in speaking of the industrial records of the city, referred to the subject of marmalade that the Premier's air of heavy responsibility departed from him for a moment and he broadly smiled.

An interesting portion of the ceremony was the handing over to the Prime Minister of the handsome silver casket containing an illuminated address recording the presentation of the honour he received to-day. He signed his name in the "lockit book," which has been in existence since the year 1513.

On rising to deliver his speech, Mr Lloyd George was cheered to the echo, and the sincerity of the goodwill of the thousands who faced must have impressed him deeply. From the outset the newly-appointed "freeman" of Dundee said it was indeed a distinction to have his name inscribed in that book, the oldest, he thought, certainly the oldest book of citizenship he had had the privilege of signing—containing such names, names distinguished in the past history of this country and in the history of the country which is now in course of making. The Lord Provost had told them that Sir William Wallace started his struggle in Dundee. They in Wales were accustomed to boast that William Wallace was really William of Wales—(laughter)—and that he came from that part of the world.

A Lesson for Peace.

Proceeding, Mr Lloyd George declared that in war one must not be afraid of doing things which had never been done before. And after they had learned that of war he hoped they would remember that there was perhaps a lesson even for peace. The boldest measures are often the safest.

It was when he referred to the great importance of the manufacture of munitions in this country that a note of real enthusiasm crept into the tones of the Premier's voice.

"We have now such a reserve," he said, "where at one time we were short, we have now such a reserve that even the German submarine, whatever it does, cannot deprive us of the necessary munitions to prosecute the war to a successful termination." (Cheers.)

There was no doubt, he proceeded to say, that the fact that we had got such a number of big guns of the heaviest calibre and abundance of munitions had not merely enabled us to triumph over our cruel foes, but it had also saved life.

Frequent laughter burst forth when Mr Lloyd George started to explain a few of the things we have done to the Huns.

Rabbit Tactics.

"We have driven the great army of Germany underground," he cried. "It must be a humiliating thought for that proud army when it has to dig into the ground to hide itself from an army that it despised a year or two ago. Can you imagine the Kaiser before the war in one of his swaggering speeches saying something to this effect, say, to the Prussian Guards—

"'My gallant warriors—(laughter)—descendants of the men who fought under my ancestor, Frederick the Great, the time has come for you once more to face the foes of the Fatherland. When that time comes I will see to it that deep caverns are made in the ground to hide you from all your enemies—(laughter)—and especially from the very contemptible British Army—(laughter)—which is seeking your life. But I will do more than that. Should they by some diabolical machinery be able to destroy these shelters, I will see that you have got behind other shelters to which you can run. If you cannot take your guns with you leave them behind.'

"When an army, a proud army, an army that talked for years to trample down the legends of Europe, is driven to these tactics it is the beginning of the end. They are rabbit tactics, and it means that we are pounding a sense of inferiority into every pore of the German military mind. That is good for the war. It is even better for after the war. It will be easier after this."

Unity Essential.

Mr Lloyd George went on to say that unity was essential to victory. France realised that, the same thing applied to Italy, and "I am glad to say that the same thing is realised in Russia."

Enlarging on the theme, the Premier declared dramatically—

"If the objectives of the war are imperative and exalted enough to justify us in calling upon our best young men, the flower of our land, to face terror, torture, and death on the battlefield—yea, and the dreary discomfort of the life behind the battlefield—then surely it is enough to justify us, who are living comfortably at home, when summoned by the State to make any sacrifice within our power to assist these gallant fellows who are fighting for us. (Loud cheers.) I draw a distinction between privation and deprivation. There have been no privations in this country yet. (Cheers.) There are in Germany; there are in Austria; and they are still fighting. Is British patriotism of a poorer quality than the patriotism of Germany?

"What do I mean by drawing a distinction between privation and deprivation? I will give you a simple illustration. What is a deprivation? Let us say a man is in the habit of getting three glasses of whisky a day—(laughter)—and owing to Government regulations he can only get one. That may or may not be deprivation. I express no opinion. (Laughter.)

"Supposing a man were in the habit of getting three meals a day, and he were reduced to one. Now, that is privation. (Loud cheers.) Now, don't let us mistake and confound the one for the other, and when we are restricted, when we are limited in our luxuries—because I assume Scottish whisky is a luxury—(laughter)—when we are limited don't let us be unlike the men who are enduring insufferable tortures for the sake of our native land."

General assent was expressed in the cheering which greeted the remark that the Government's commands, and restrictions and limitations, should have a genuine war purpose, and by way of illustration the Prime Minister cited horse racing.

"There are people, I believe," he proceeded, "who disapprove of horse racing. I neither approve or disapprove. I have absolutely no mind on the subject of horse racing. But the question whether it is good or bad in itself has nothing to do with the action of the Government. It is entirely a question of the extent to which you can permit it without interfering with the war work and war activity of the country. Anything short of that is irritating and mischievous. Anything short of that is not adequate to the needs of the case. The one test is—is it necesary as a war measure?

The same applied to another topic which he said he dare not mention, and then went on:—"The whole test now of any proposal made by the Government with regard to drink is to what extent it is necessary for the prosecution, the successful prosecution, of the war. That is the test we propose to apply. To a certain extent we have applied it. To what greater extent we have to apply it will depend entirely upon the way the food of the country stands at a given moment. No man in his senses would sacrifice the food of the people to any drink, however alluring it may be." (Cheers.)

Profiteering and Profiting.

Making a distinction between profiteering and profiting, and believing the former to be rather a good word, although he had been criticised for using it, he remarked:—"Profiting is fair recompense for services rendered either in production or distribution.

"Profiteering is an extravagant recompense given for services rendered. I believe that unfair in peace. In war it is an outrage—(cheers)—and that is why we have taken the action, the very necessary action, to restrict the profits of shipping, which I think were a perfect scandal—(cheers)—in the first two years of the war; profits in mines, and we propose to deal very drastically with unfair profiteering in food. (Cheers.)

The views the Premier expressed on the food problem may be summarised in the following terse sentences:—"Food must be brought within the reach of the people. The worst method of enforcing economy is by extravagant prices. It means provoking discontent; it means, in addition to that, that the poorer the people the more they will suffer. The Government are taking all steps within their power to keep prices of food within bounds.

"They are first of all taking strong action to prevent unreasonable profits swelling the price of food, and, if necessary, we shall even go to the extent of resorting to the Exchequer in order to see that at any rate the price of bread is within the compass of the bulk of the people." (Cheers.)

We Shall Win.

After elaborating his views on what we are fighting for—the rights of men as men—Mr Lloyd George, in a great peroration, concluded:—

"And we shall win. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I know the struggle is a prolonged one. I always knew it would be. I said so. I have always laid plans on the assumption that it was going to be a long one. The evil was a great one, and you don't root out great evils without great struggles. All the same, with a continuous, persistent, unflinching, unfaltering will we shall win. (Cheers.) There are occasional discouragements. There are occasional disappointments. So there are in every great struggle. The end seems to be postponed.

"I remember in the early days of April attending a conference on the Italian frontier. I passed through lands that ought to have been green with the springtime. They were bleak and grey. There was not a bird to be seen. The land was still locked in the cells of winter. All was cold and forbidding, and I entered the warm valleys of Savoy, and they were blind with a driving blizzard, and I said—Will the winter ever cease? will the spring ever come? shall we ever see the summer sun and the harvest again? and for the moment I had a thrill of horror that some visitation had come upon the earth, and I came back in a fortnight, and the sun was shining, the trees were bursting into bud.

"The earth of France had burst the shackles of winter, the almond was in bloom, the glorious splendour of spring was upon the earth, and I knew France was free. And I tell you it now, although the winter tarries the springtide of victory will come.

Churchill Surprised.

At the conclusion of the speech Lord Provost Don called for three cheers for the Prime Minister and his wife, which were given with a vim.

Then Mr Lloyd George sprang alertly from his chair and asked Mr Winston Churchill, the city's M.P., to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Mr Churchill seemed rather taken aback by this unexpected request, and smilingly twitted the Prime Minister with having at once seized hold of his privileges as a freeman of Dundee.

A minute later what was certainly a historic gathering concluded with the singing by the vast audience of the National Anthem.

Mr and Mrs Lloyd George, with Lord Provost Don, Dundee.

GLOWING TRIBUTE TO SCOTLAND.

Eulogy of the Black Watch.

Glowing tributes to Scotland's part in the war were made by the Premier when he was entertained at a banquet in the Albert Hall, Dundee.

Mr Lloyd George created great enthusiasm when he said that the walls of the great Temple of Liberty, which was now being erected, would be largely composed of granite—the indomitable spirit of Scotland's fighting sons—hewn out of the rocks of Scotland.

The Prime Minister, in responding to the toast of, "The Guests," said Dundee had made its contribution in material and in men; and he believed that as regarded the material—the sacks and the shells—the one needed for defensive purposes, and the other for offensive purposes, had been made by the women. The sandbags made in Dundee had been most valuable protectors of the lives of the men at the front.

He had always been in favour of giving women the vote, although they had worried him a great deal—(laughter)—and he was more convinced than ever that he was right. The women's contribution to the defence of the country had been simply incalculable.

The Famous Black Watch.

Dundee had made a great contribution of men. No city in the Empire had made a greater contribution. Dundee was the home and the centre of one of the most famous fighting regiments in the world, the Black Watch. There had been hardly a battle fought in France in which Dundee men had not achieved distinction, not only for themselves but for their native country and the Empire. That was also true of Scottish regiments throughout. Well might Scotsmen be proud of their gallant sons in this war. Well they had upheld the fame of their native land, and not only did our Allies know it, but our enemies knew it to their cost. (Loud cheers.)

Churchill and Premier's Power.

Mr Winston Churchill, responding to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament," said the personal quality and characteristics which the Prime Minister had displayed during this war had been his power not to allow himself to be deviated by an innumerable multitude of superficial instances and phenomena which confused, but to search for these great underlying causes which ultimately settled the fate and the destinies of the nation and the world. Early in the autumn of 1914 Mr Lloyd George was the first to perceive as a result of his own study and reflection the apparent failure of our hopes in regard to Russia, not through any fault in the loyalty or the courage of that noble people, but through their clear deficiency in munitions and through the obvious defects in their democratic organisation. It was this perception that enabled him to reach his second great conclusion about this war—namely, in regard to the great necessity of munitions and guns.

A Grave Situation.

The situation in which we stood to-day was grave, and it would be folly not to look it plainly and boldly in the face. When he was last in Dundee two years ago the submarine attack upon commerce—that outrage and barbarity—had been so signally repulsed that the Grand Admiral, Von Tirpitz, was actually driven from office by the despair of his colleagues. In those days we still had the spirit and the power, if we had used the means that were available either at the Dardanelles or Salonika, to have dominated the situation in the Balkans and united in one solid block the Christian States of the Balkan Peninsula against their natural and hated enemies, Austria and Turkey.

Inflicted Deep Wounds.

The road we had travelled since had been a stony and a painful one, but we had inflicted deep wounds on Germany, thanks to the terror the British Army had occasioned. We had the strong right arm of Britain, the might of this great country, not yet arrived at the culminating point. We had the soul of France and the active energies of Italy. To-day we had hopes of the revival of Russia in a new and healthier form, and, most precious of all, we had the accession to our cause of the United States of America. Time was required to realise the assistance of these overwhelming aids. Time we must have, and that meant not only endurance, but the supreme exercise of the will to conquer on the part of this country, not only to uphold itself, but to dominate the whole of the great federation of freedom if we were to make our way safely through it. He thought the Prime Minister's message to them was "Hold on, hold fast, hold together." (Loud cheers.)

YESTERDAY AT THE COAST.

INFLUX OF JULY VISITORS.

(By Wire and 'Phone from our own Correspondents.)

Bright sunshine was recorded at the Meteorogical Office yesterday as follows:—
Ayr, 9.5—Very bright sunshine from noon onwards.
Oban, 10.8—Fine.
Banff, 8—Fair to fine.
Montrose, 8.9—Fine.
Nairn, 12—Fair.
Harrogate, 8.2—Fair to fine.
Southport, 10.5—Fair.
Southend, nil—Dull.
Margate, nil—Dull.
Bournemouth, 3.5—Cloudy.

* * *

Brilliant weather prevailed yesterday in Portobello and Musselburgh, and Edinburgh people, content in these days to take their pleasures nearer home, rediscovered the attractiveness of both these spots.

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With the end of leafy June yesterday a large number of visitors took their departure from Helensburgh, but the arrivals were even more numerous. Traffic at the railway station was exceptionally busy all day.

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It has been a week of glorious sunshine at Dunoon, yesterday being very hot. It was difficult for all the visitors to find houses, so well has the town been let within the past week or two. Everything is now in full swing to cater for the needs of the huge crowds.

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Yesterday was warm and sunny in Pitlochry, and the weather outlook is excellent. Several July visitors have already arrived, and the week-end promises to be the busiest of the season.

Sir Robert Maule, Edinburgh, arrived last night with some friends at his country residence at Dalreoch, Strathtummel.

* * *

Visitors are now fairly numerous at Aberfeldy, and are enjoying the beauties of the district under delightful weather conditions.

Anglers are having good sport, and during the week several fine baskets have been obtained. The Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane are now in residence at Taymouth Castle, and Mrs Stewart Fotheringham is at Grandtully Castle.

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Largs is estimated to have nearly four times its normal population this week-end, the increase being due to the influx of summer visitors. They were favoured with ideal weather conditions yesterday, a bracing breeze tempering the heat. The Smart Set Cadets, who provide Largs visitors with al fresco entertainments of a high class, are attracting large audiences daily.

* * *

Cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine favoured the advent of July holiday-makers, great crowds of whom arrived at Girvan during yesterday. The district is also busy with hundreds of Irish potato diggers, who have come over for the early potato harvest, which is in full swing on many Girvan farms.

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Cab drivers running conveyances to Sandbank and Innellan, and intermediate villages intend to be amongst the money-makers. They have clapped on an increase on the fares, making them 9d instead of 6d.

Huge catches of fish have been had on the Firth opposite Duncon during the week by visitors, and yesterday one Glasgow man, for his forenoon's work, had no fewer than fifty fish of all sizes, about half of them being several lbs. weight each.

* * *

Glorious weather prevailed at Ayr yesterday, and July visitors were already much in evidence. The attractions for all were many and varied, the big effort on behalf of the Red Cross commencing under most favourable auspices.

At the Tea Gardens a large crowd assembled, where an excellent programme was submitted, Mr Frank Henderson being the soloist.

Among the notable residents in town at present are the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailsa.

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Fine summer weather is being experienced in Strathearn, Perthshire, and visitors are numerous.

Next week there will be a plethora of entertainments, garden fetes, &c., in Crieff and district in aid of the great Red Cross effort.

Yesterday sports were held by the pupils of Morrison Academy in presence of a large gathering to assist the Red Cross funds, while the Board's school children's concerts, &c., at the breakup for the summer vacation realised over £83.

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Animated scenes were witnessed at Troon yesterday, the holiday traffic being exceptionally heavy, and, as a consequence, the streets and sands were thronged all day. Ordinary and duplicate trains brought down large crowd of visitors for the month, and this popular resort can claim to have its average July number of holiday-makers.

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Brilliant sunshine welcomed arriving July visitors at Rothesay, these including numerous Falkirk residents, whose Fair commenced yesterday. The steamer service was taxed to the utmost.

There was heavy vehicular traffic to Kilchattan Bay and to Ettrick Bay, where sand-building competitions commence this week for the season.

Earlier and later steamer connections will be in operation from to-morrow, and this should increase the numbers of the daily trippers to the Bute district. The steamer Iona is now on the Wemyss Bay to Rothesay route.

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At Arbroath there was a large influx of visitors, principally from the West of Scotland. The weather was bright. A flag day was held in connection with the Red Cross, and fully £120 was raised.

Delightful summer weather prevailed at Aberdeen yesterday, the sun shining brightly from a practically cloudless sky. The schools having closed, there is a good deal of holiday traffic in the district, Deeside being first favourite. There are a good many visitors in the city from other centres.

Louisa of Tuscany, the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, who refused to share a Throne surrounded by intriguers of Potsdam.

THE LIFE STORY OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY

Told by Herself and Related by WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Baron George von Metzsch, Controller of the Royal Household at Dresden, accused by the ex-Crown Princess of being the instigator of intrigues against her.

The life story of Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, told by herself and related exclusively in "The Post Sunday Special" by Mr William Le Queux, one of her intimate friends, forms one of the most amazing narratives ever revealed in the history of the European Courts. The Princess, who was the daughter of Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Princess Alice of Parma, married Prince Frederick-August, formerly Crown Prince and now King of Saxony, and she reveals many startling secrets of her career, showing how she was forced to leave her husband, home, and children through the intrigues of unscrupulous enemies at Potsdam. The Princess was always a true friend of the people, and that was the chief reason she suffered.

MY insult to the ruler whom you British have nicknamed "Foxy" Ferdinand brought me into horrible disgrace with my father.

He had set his heart upon the marriage which would make me Queen of Bulgaria. But I only knew that country from what my brother Poldo had told me of it—that the Bulgars were an uncivilised people with "swelled heads"—and I certainly did not like Ferdinand. I hated his yellow boots!

I wrote to Poldo in Vienna, describing what had occurred at Alcuth, and how I had openly insulted the detestable Coburgs, and especially Clementine with the ear-trumpet, whereupon he sent me a telegram with the words in English—

"Hurrah! Louisa! Remain independent. We don't want Ferdinand in our family, and we won't have him.—Poldo."

Of course, my old aunt was furious after her son of Bulgaria had taken himself off in high dudgeon. I am really not surprised that he was so angry, for no man likes to be told in public that he is a mere tailor's dummy.

My mother was, however, secretly delighted, though she pretended to reprove me.

My life at Salzburg was perhaps the dullest and most dismal of any experienced by any girl in Europe. Lessons in deportment—how to enter a room, how to sit at table, how to bow to royalties or to any of "the d——d public," as my father never failed to term them—were daily. Then came readings by Fraulein Beck of the driest and dullest history books, mostly about our military hero Rudolph, to whom the house of Hapsburg owes its power. Ah! how often was it drummed into me that he was unquestionably descended from Guntram the Rich, Count of Alsace and Brisgau, who lived in the tenth century, and could trace his ancestry back to the days when the human race painted rings upon their bodies.

"The Lives of the Saints," Dickens, and Shakespeare, and Dante were read aloud, until in those dull afternoons, seated by my window, which looked out upon the blue mountains, I grew tired and sleepy.

Then there were dancing lessons, lessons in Latin, French, Spanish, and English. The latter I liked most of all, yet music was the one great delight of my life. Old Hauer, my music master from the Conservatoire in Vienna, was a very tall, very thin man, with long white waxen fingers. He always seemed so frail that his body might break as he faced the strong winds which blew around the rock upon which the Castle stands.

But he was my very good friend, and times without number he brought me surreptitious letters sent to him by youthful admirers, and many times he posted my replies. Poor old fellow! He was a splendid musician. Several operas he composed should have been great successes, but the Director of the Conservatoire, a proteké of the Emperor, was jealous of him, hence he was never given a chance, and his music, which, in my opinion, quite equalled Mascagni's, was dismissed as mere jingle.

He composed some delightful waltzes, one of which I often play nowadays, and whenever I do those who hear it inquire the name of its composer.

Now, I would here like to say that I attribute much of my later misfortunes to the gloom of everything that pervaded Salzburg. One could not walk, nor eat, nor drink, nor kneel without somebody finding faults. A solemnity and religious air pervaded the whole household, until it became a sin to laugh aloud. Such an atmosphere would have jarred upon the nerves of any girl of strong, healthy mind, and I fear that I was not robust enough to resist it.

No step was ventured by my parents, no invitation sent, no visit paid, no action taken with regard to myself or Poldo, without first the political or religious advisers who overshadowed the Palace were consulted.

Smacked an Officer's Face.

And in this connection I might relate an incident which put me into disgrace once again, and caused a terrible row in my family, much to Poldo's delight.

One day I went to church as usual, somewhat against my will. On this memorable morning I was attended by a young officer, who was apparently attracted by me, and in whispering tones suggested that he might have the pleasure of a walk with me. Poldo had already told me that the fellow was a very dissolute person. His words incensed me, so I rose to my feet and smacked his face in the presence of Count Kostrauch and two ladies of the Court.

The officer, losing control of himself, shouted and cursed me, and the scene in the church was a highly dramatic one, as may be well imagined. My mother on hearing of it became furious, but I put my foot down, and for a long time I refused ever again to enter the church.

That the matter reached the ears of the Emperor I know, for one day a month later when we were alone together he mentioned it to me, adding—

"You were quite right, Louisa, to show such courage. The officer Gattnar is no longer in the army. He has left Austria at my suggestion."

Never shall I forget the iron hand, the terribly galling fetters beneath which I lived in those days before my marriage.

Was it, therefore, surprising that, when we went to Vienna to breathe the freer air of the Hofburg, as we did sometimes in order that I might meet some princeling or other with a view to matrimony, that I should long to walk the streets alone and look into the shops as other girls might do.

In my position I was never allowed to walk in a town or city and never allowed to go shopping. If I went out I rode in one of the Imperial carriages, and was told to look pleasant and to smile at the public.

Hence it was that on one afternoon in Vienna I took Poldo into my confidence, and with his connivance went forth from the Emperor's Palace upon an escapade

My First Love Affair.

He and I escaped through an exit used by the entourage into the Augustinerstrasse, at the back of the Palace, and my brother having an appointment to meet a young artist's model out at Meidling, in the south of the city, I left him, and alone crossed the Opernring, keeping down my head in fear of being recognised by somebody in that fashionable drive.

My primary object was a bookseller's in the Felber-strasse, near the West Station, where I intended to buy some English novels, notes of which I had seen in newspapers.

On the way up the busy Mariahalferstrasse I paused to look into some of the handsome shop windows, little dreaming that it was the afternoon parade-ground of the young bloods of the capital. I had walked nearly to the end of the long, wide thoroughfare, examining with delight window after window, and thoroughly enjoying the freedom from restraint, when suddenly I found beside me a good-looking, quiet-mannered young man about my own age.

He lifted his student's cap and spoke to me. Not at all averse to his attention, I replied, and we strolled along together, chatting as we went.

It was a new experience. What, I wondered, would my Imperial parents have said had they seen me strolling out with a student! Well, the young fellow, who told me his name was Karl Rossler, a native of Linz, and student at the University, asked my name, and I gave that of Erna Kalandra—the first one that occurred to me, and was, as a matter of fact, that of one of our maids.

"I am here on a holiday from Prague," I added. "I am training for a schoolmistress."

I think we were both attracted by each other. One thing is certain, that in the short space of an hour or two I liked him better than any of the young princelings I had met.

We went together to the bookseller's and chose the books, but I was very careful when I paid not to allow him to see that upon my purse was the cipher two "L's" entwined, surmounted by the Imperial crown set in rubies.

Together we walked, he carrying my books, and now and then nodding to students whom he knew. The afternoon was warm and delightful, and I confess that I experienced a new sensation of freedom during those few happy hours.

Presently we took a tram to the Prater, and sat together beneath the shadow in a secluded nook in the park, chatting and laughing as though we had known each other for years.

He told me of his student life, of his people at Linz, where his father was a military doctor. Till sundown we talked; then, when I reluctantly declared that I must go, as it was growing late, he suggested that we should go and have coffee at the Ar'kaden.

I had no idea where it was, but he took me to a place filled with students and their lady friends, a merry, frivolous place, where everyone seemed very joyous and happy, even though they possessed little money, and the blouses of the girls showed signs of many visits to the laundry.

My experiences were indeed novel on that day. He pressed me to allow him to see me to the house of my fictitious aunt, but I refused, whereupon, after extracting a promise to meet him again, we parted.

That promise I kept next day, and the next, and the next. Karl Rossler—as I here call him, though it is not his real name—had attracted me, and I openly confess that I had fallen in love—for the first time in my life.

How can I describe the feeling? No, it is better not! Recollections of those warm summer afternoons when we wandered hand-in-hand in the great leafy park, and I had to be so careful lest I should let slip any allusion to my real station as an Imperial Archduchess crowd upon me to-day as I write.

The End of My Romance.

From out the mists of the past there arises the face, dark, manly, and full of human kindness, smiling upon me as he pressed me to him tenderly and kissed me fervently upon the lips. Ah! That romance was a true one of genuine affection, and, like all such romances, lasted, alas, for only a brief while.

We had met on eight different occasions when one evening, after I had slipped back to my room where I had retired hours before on pretence of studying, I was informed by Fraulein Beck that a telegram had been received that Aunt Clementine had been taken seriously ill at Budapest, and my mother had decided to go to her and to take me with her.

In vain did I protest and beg to be allowed to remain in Vienna. But my mother was obdurate, and before midnight we had left the capital.

That sudden parting was an intensely bitter one for me. The excuse I wrote to Karl must have seemed a terribly lame one. I have often wondered what ill he thought of the governess from Prague who left him so suddenly. To-day he is a very distinguished surgeon in Vienna, and although he was introduced to me ten years afterwards he fortunately did not recognise in Louisa of Saxony the girl who had sat with him on those well-remembered summer evenings beneath the trees of the Prater.

As I have already hinted, my parents were ever on the look-out for an eligible husband. Quite a dozen good-looking and elegant young princelings were indicated to me, and their good points discussed in my presence. Now and then the gloom of Salzburg would be enlivened by the arrival of one or other of these aspirants to my hand, and being in no way averse to a mild flirtation, I confess I greatly enjoyed myself, but when the wooing time came I always turned a deaf ear and pretended ignorance of my parents' very ingenious schemes.

Besides would-be husbands, we also entertained other well-known people.

An Escapade of Leopold's.

Old Leopold of the Belgians, merriest of monarchs when outside his own capital, was our frequent visitor, and we in turn visited him at Laeken and on the Riviera, where he had a beautiful villa.

He was a very humorous old man, but a very gay dog. He fancied that every young girl was in love with him, and he treated all and sundry in a paternal manner. With ladies of the variety stage he was a great pet, and one might safely say that he was a well-known habitue of every prominent music hall of Europe, from the Empire in London to the old Donon in Petrograd.

"Pére Leopold," as he was known in certain circles in Paris, where he had a pleasant bachelor abode in the Avenue des Champs Elysees, always seemed to have his pockets filled with nick-nacks of expensive jewellery, bracelets, lace pins, rings, pendants, and necklets which he distributed with lavish hand among the fair sex.

I remember when, with my mother, we visited His Belgian Majesty on the Riviera quite a gay, irresponsible party of guests had assembled. The grounds of the villa ran down to the brown rocks where, beneath the blue water laps so lazily in the Bay of Villefranche. One afternoon we were taking tea on the rocks and eating strawberries and cream, with the calm sea below us, when of a sudden there appeared a pompous old Englishman in a yachting suit, driving a motor boat in which were half a dozen ladies in white dresses.

They had not noticed us up on the rock above them, therefore he stopped his boat and began, like a Cook's guide, to explain to his guests that the villa was owned by the King of the Belgians.

"He comes here every winter with a perfect retinue of lady friends," declared the Englishman, whereat his guests all giggled, for Leopold's weakness for the fair sex was well known.

The King, who, in a white flannel suit and panama hat, was seated with me, heard the words from below, and peeped over.

"Look, Louisa!" he whispered. "See the old buffer down there! Fling some strawberries at him!"

I did not require a second suggestion, but, taking a couple of handfuls of ripe strawberries, I tossed them into the motor boat. One or two fell upon the old Englishman, and several made juicy marks upon the white dresses of his guests.

The man in the boat was furious, not, of course, knowing who we were.

"Oh, give them another dose, Louisa, and then they'll go away!" the old King exclaimed, and, greatly to the amusement of all, I emptied a whole basket, some falling into the sea and some upon the boat.

The Englishman raised his voice and shook his fist angrily at us. The ladies looked extremely annoyed until, just as the yachtsman restarted his boat, he suddenly caught sight of His Majesty's face, and quickly sped out of the cove and round the point, apparently much dismayed that his free description of King Leopold's domestic life should have been overheard by that monarch himself.

Old Leopold was always courtly, and a most excellent host. He told us amusing stories by the dozen. He was the keenest of business men, a great admirer of the British, and a hater of the Kaiser and all his kin.

A Prophecy Now Fulfilled.

He once said to me as we were driving together in the Bois de la Cambre in Brussels—

"Louisa, you are young, and you have your life before you. But be warned by me that Wilhelm of Hohenzollern means mischief in the world. I shall not live to see it, but you will. He means war when the time is ripe."

Alas! that the old King's prophecy has been fulfilled!

King Leopold always carried with him a bad French franc. He had it in his pocket for over twenty years, and would never move without it. His valet had to change it into the pocket of every suit he wore, either uniform or civilian, and he usually changed four or five times each day, for he was a dandy of the old school.

I once asked him the reason of his belief in the mascot and the history of the coin.

He drew it out. It was worn very bright and smooth, and was apparently made of pewter.

"This was given me late one night in Paris under peculiar circumstances," His Majesty said. "I was ill-dressed and my clothes were torn, for I had been robbed of all my money—every sou."

I smiled, and suggested that he had been spending a merry evening.

"Yes, Louisa," he laughed. "I had. But it is now nearly twenty years ago. How well I recollect it. I stood beneath a lamp at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Place de l'Opéra penniless. Though a King I wanted a franc very badly at that moment to get some brandy, for I [illegible] and I begged of a passer-by! [illegible] begged! The well-dressed man I [illegible] looked me up and down, and, [illegible] my dilapidated condition, gave me [illegible] I crossed to the Café de l'Opera [illegible] for my cognac with the coin, which was found to be bad, and I very nearly escaped arrest for attempting to pass off a spurious franc. Indeed, I should have been had not a young lady whom I happened to know recognised me and came [illegible] purse to the rescue. At any rate, he laughed, "I was very nearly being given into custody for passing off the gentleman's bad franc."

"But did he give it to you purposely, do you think?"

"No. When I examined it I found a cat scratched roughly upon it. Therefore I believe it was the man's mascot, and he gave it to me by mistake. It has since been mine!" And he laughed again at the thought of how near a King had been arrested for obtaining a glass of cognac and then paying for it with a bad franc.

I Join the Shooting Excursions.

During my stay at dreary Salzburg I took up shooting as a hobby, and after a long practice became a fair shot. So [illegible] indeed, that my father, on witnessing my shoot one day in the forest behind the palace, invited me to go with him upon one of his shooting excursions with the Emperor.

The times we had together were very enjoyable. The old Emperor, who was a merry, easy-going old fellow, extremely fond of telling "risky" stories, to which I had to pretend to close my ears, called me "Little Louisa," and expressed admiration on the first day of our shoot because I brought down a chamois by a chance shot.

"Well done, Little Louisa!" he cried, and, turning to my father said: "I congratulate you, Ferdinand, upon having a sporting daughter."

Ever after that the Emperor seemed always pleased to have me walk beside him when we went shooting.

I often sit and recall those long hours in the mountains, the fresh, invigorating air, the free life far removed from the oppressive atmosphere of Court, the companionship of my beloved father and the merry, hail-fellow-well-met old Emperor, whose beautiful wife lived her own life apart, either in France or in Britain.

The Emperor would never have reference made to her existence. She preferred to live a sporting life apart from him, visiting Vienna only at rare intervals, while he seemed perfectly content with the arrangement.

Knowing the present Emperor of Austria as well as I do, I can safely express an opinion that although he is popular he is to-day already losing much popularity with the German-speaking people on account of his eager support and undue favour towards the Slavonic nations. The old Emperor, friend of the German people, has gone to his last resting-place; Franz Ferdinand, the friend of Hungary, has been assassinated, and Karl Joseph, with his protection of the small Slav nations, is now upon the Throne. The political situation in Austria is a peculiarly complex one and has nothing to do with these memoirs of mine, but I can only foresee trouble at the Imperial Court in the very near future, because of the grip which Germany now has upon it and the fatal policy being pursued by the Emperor Karl.

My Meeting with Emperor Karl.

Soon after the tragedy at Sarajevo—a result of which Karl became heir to the throne—I met him at a ball at the house of Fuerstin Philippa Lichtenstein, in Budapest. The rooms were hot, and we walked together in the garden, where he referred to several escapades we had had together when we were children, while I, on my part, expressed regret that the Emperor, whom I had visited a week before at the Hofburg, seemed very weak and ill and terribly worried at the serious complications in the Balkans. War was in the air. Serbia remained defiant. Germany was secretly preparing, and at any hour Austria might launch the attack.

"Yes," said Karl Joseph. "His Majesty cannot live long. Only the day before yesterday I was in Vienna, and his physicians declared to me that in his weak state the end cannot be very long delayed. The political crisis has deeply affected him."

"And you will become Emperor, Karl?" I said, looking at his pale, rather handsome face in the moonlight.

"I suppose so," he sighed rather wearily. "I have no ambition to ascend the Throne; neither has Zita. This sudden change in my destiny is not of my own seeking. Louisa, and—well, I confess to you that I am in deadly fear. I entertain a kind of [illegible] apprehension—a feeling I can scarcely explain, although I dare not tell it to anybody except you—my childhood's friend."

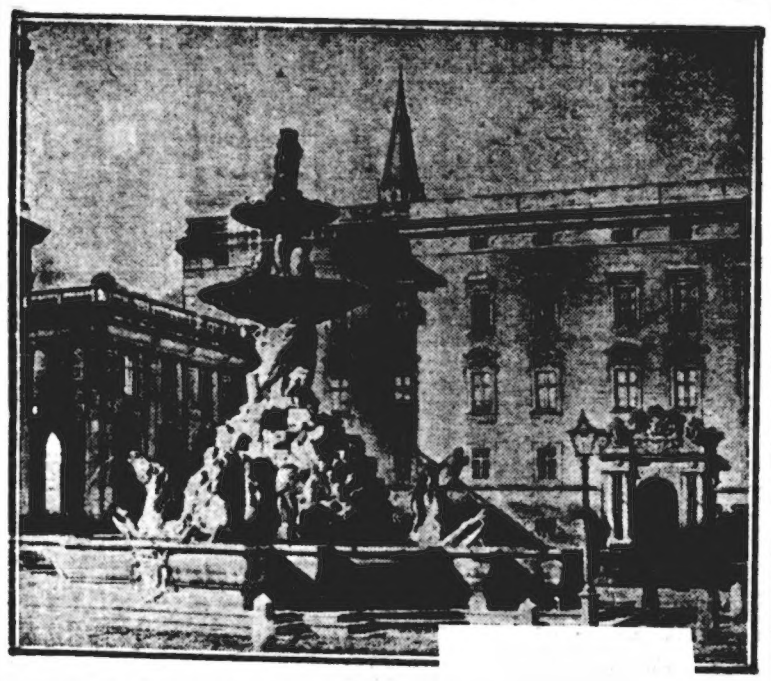
"Of what?" I inquired, my curiosity at once aroused.

He was silent for a few moments. Then he replied, in a strange and quite unnatural voice—

"Because—well—because I have a premonition—one of which I cannot rid myself—that when I become Emperor it will be the end of the Imperial rule of the House of Hapsburg!"

I made no reply.

The war still continues, and the world will yet witness many dramatic happenings before Europe is again in a state of peace.



The Imperial Palace at Salzburg, where the ex-Cr[illegible] spent her early [illegible] 870, and

NEXT WEEK—

The Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony will continue her remarkable confessions.

ROSSED TO THE OTHER SIDE.

HUSBAND HOME FROM CANADA

ASSES WIFE ON STREET

Edinburgh, Saturday.

ot only did William Alexander Brown
l to call on his wife when he came home
m Canada, but when they met in George
uare, Glasgow, he crossed to the other
e and would not recognise her, the wife
d Lord Anderson to-day in support of an
ion for divorce which she had raised on
e ground of desertion.
The action was at the instance of Helen
yton or Brown, 166 Wallace Street, South
e, Glasgow, against William Alexander
own, sometime a pottery worker, but
ose present address is unknown to pur-
er.

Passed By on Other Side.

Pursuer stated that she was married in
cember, 1905. There was one child of
e marriage. They lived at 17 Garngad
ad until February, 1907, when her hus-
nd left her to go to Canada. He pro-
sed to send for her, but did not do so,
d she had to go out to work for herself
d her child. She heard that her husband
s back in Glasgow, and made inquiries.
e people said they did not know anything
out him. In November, 1908, she met
m in George Square. When he saw her
ming he crossed to the other side, and
uld not recognise her. He was in an in-
icated state. She saw him again in April.
e was with a woman. She also saw him
New Year's night, 1910. He was very
unk, and she thought that it would not
safe to speak to him. She did not know
ere he was now. When she last heard of
m he was in Govan.
Lord Anderson granted decree.

ENT TO PAWN CLOTHES

And Never Came Back.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

When Mrs Dunn went off to the pawn one
onday morning to get the week's rent she
got to come back, Lord Anderson was
d to-day in an action for divorce by the
sband. David Dunn, formerly a railway
rter, residing at 87 Canongate, Edin-
rgh, and at present on military service,
e defendant being Jane Anne Cox or
nn, 338 Leith Walk.
Pursuer's evidence was taken on commis-
n.
Pursuer's sister stated that in June, 1914,
fender went away one Monday morning
the pawn with clothes to get money to
y the week's rent and never came back.
August, 1914, pursuer enlisted in the
rdon Highlanders, but was discharged,
the following year he enlisted in the
yal Engineers. Witness stated that de-
der had given birth to an illegitimate
ld. She had gone down to see defender,
d asked to see the child. The defender
d her she did not care whether defender
d a divorce or not. She had a good man
her back.
ord Anderson granted decree.

HEARD HIS WIFE WAS MARRIED.

Thirteen-Year-Old Case Recalled.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

bigamy case, thirteen years old, was
lled in an action for divorce to-day,
n Lord Anderson gave Neill Morrison
lee, caretaker, 100 Bowman Street,
shill, Glasgow, decree against his wife,
y Allison or Ainslie, whose present ad-
s is unknown.
ursuer stated that he was married in
ber, 1903. At first they lived with his
nts. The defender at that time was in
ice in a restaurant in Glasgow. Pur-
was not very well, and was not able to
k. He got better, and they took a
ll house in Ardgowan Place about the
term of 1904. They adopted a child.
ender was addicted to drink, and
glected her household duties. In the
mn of 1904 he came home one night and
d his wife was not in the house. She
d away three days, and when she came
k she was in rather a broken-down con-
on, and had pawned all her clothes.
ut October, 1904, he came back from his
k and found his wife and two friends re-
ving the furniture from the house. He
d to persuade her not to go, but she said
was determined. A month later he
rd that defender was living in a house in
re Street with a man to whom she had
n married on 1st November, 1904, and in
nection with this ceremony she was con-
ed of bigamy in November, 1904.
reply to Lord Anderson pursuer said
ad not taken proceedings earlier because
did not want to take the money off his
le, but to try to work for it himself.

FINANCED DIVORCE TION AGAINST HERSELF.

Unusual Glasgow Case.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

ord Anderson had before him to-day an
on for divorce in which the defender
herself financing the suit.
he action was at the instance of Robert
rison, engineer, 100 King Street, Pol-

Public Notice.

TIMONIAL TO MR JAMES S. HUNTER, HEADMASTER.

e Committee in charge of the arrangements
that Mr Hunter's old scholars and friends
numerous that in the issue of their circular
many must have been omitted.
y, therefore, take this opportunity of intimat-
that contributions may be sent to the under-
ed or any other member of the Staff not later
Monday, 9th inst.
s Anderson, Kinneil P. School, Bo'ness.

ALLOA LADY'S HEROISM

IN SHIPPING DISASTER ON NILE.

SIR A. SHARP'S NARROW ESCAPE.

London, Saturday Night.

Reuter's Agency states that Sir A. Sharp, late Governor of Nyassaland, has arrived of in England after a six months' journey in Central Africa.

At the end of May, while passing down the Nile at a point north of Fashoda the steamer belonging to the Soudan Government, by which he was a passenger, was wrecked and sunk. During a violent storm the vessel Amara was caught broadside on and completely blown over, those on board being thrown into the river, which was about a mile and a half wide, with many crocodiles.

There were ten passengers, and of these Major Thwaites, D.S.O.; Captain Smith, and Sergeant Williams, of the Soudan Service, were drowned. Sir A. Sharpe sank with the ship, and was rescued by clinging to a piece of wreckage. All his belongings, including maps and photographs, were lost. His personal attendant was also drowned.

Specially noteworthy was the pluck displayed by the wife of Colonel Moir, the Postmaster-General of the Soudan, who, with her husband, was among the passengers.

Heroic Alloa Lady.

Colonel Moir and his wife, who are mentioned in the report as having been in the exciting wreck, are very well known in the Alloa district. The colonel, who is an Alloa man, has been decorated with the D.S.O., and his father and grandfather held the important position of factor to the Earl of Mar and Kellie. Mrs Moir, who is a daughter of the Rev. Mr Goodwin, rector of March Baldwin, Oxford, is a cousin of the present factor to the Earl of Mar and Kellie, Mr A. P. Moir, Mar's Hill, Alloa.

Just a year ago Mrs Moir was paying a visit to Alloa, and resided for some time at Mar's Hill, and her friends in the Alloa district are greatly relieved to learn that she has been saved.

EX-M.P.'S OFFER.

Red Cross Garden Party at Alexandria.

Alexandria, Saturday.

This afternoon Mr Alexander Wylie, of Cordale, Renton, an ex-M.P. for Dumbartonshire, opened a sale of work and garden party under the auspices of the Vale of Leven Red Cross Society in the Ewing Gilmour Institute, Alexandria. The event was in aid of the Vale of Leven Red Cross week, and the grounds were tastefully decorated for the occasion. Mrs William Ewing Gilmour, Woodbank, Balloch, presided, and introduced Mr Wylie, who received an enthusiastic reception.

Mr Wylie said that the Red Cross had been doing noble work in alleviating the suffering and healing the wounds of our brave lads, the finest fighters in the world, who were establishing their supremacy on land, air, and sea over all their enemies. (Applause.) Thousands of them had laid down their lives and tens of thousands had been wounded for our sakes, and we at home could not do enough for them. £100,000 was being asked from the Scottish Red Cross Week, and the Vale of Leven's proportion was £400.

He heard that they were going to have some raffling that day, but they would require to be cautious. (Laughter and applause.) He deplored the action of those who had stopped the Glasgow Tramway draw, which was in aid of such a noble object. If some of the churches had to refund the money they had made from raffles at bazaars or sales of work then they would be in a very poor condition financially. He hoped he would not be taken up by the Secretary for Scotland for any raffling that would take place that day, but he (the speaker) would be responsible if there was anything about it. (Applause.)

Mrs W. E. Gilmour proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Wylie for opening the sale of work, and Mrs J. R. Lumsden, of Arden, Loch Lomondside, moved a vote of thanks to Mrs W. E. Gilmour for presiding.

SCHOOLBOY CONSTABLES FOR COATBRIDGE.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

To-day 130 schoolboys, from the public and voluntary schools in Coatbridge, began duty as "wee special constables" to take charge of the garden plots in the three public parks —West End, East End, and Whifflet. The boys were "sworn in" by Treasurer Lavelle, who outlined the duties they were expected to perform. The lads will be on duty in relays of three hours at a time. The "wee policemen" have each been provided with an armlet with the letter "P."

CROSSED TO OTHER SIDE—Continued.

lokshaws, against Annie M'Duff Scott or Robertson, 126 Cowcaddens Street, Glasgow, and was undefended.

Pursuer stated that he was married in March, 1903. In 1905 they had a quarrel, and he left his wife. He discovered that about eighteen months after he left she had given birth to an illegitimate child.

Mr J. A. Maclaren, counsel for pursuer, explained that the action was being financed by the defender, but there was absolutely no collusion between them.

In reply to Lord Anderson, pursuer said that he had learned of the birth of the child three weeks after it was born, but he was working for a very small wage, and was not in a financial position to raise an action for divorce.

Lord Anderson said it was unusual, but he did not think there was collusion or anything approaching to it. He granted decree of divorce.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

A sum of £405 was raised yesterday in Dundee on behalf of the R.S.P.C.A.

Yesterday Lenzie Bowling Club entertained a party of fifty wounded soldiers from Stobhill Hospital.

The 14th Stirlingshire Troop of the Boy Scouts yesterday went into camp at Jaw Farm, Fintry, near Denny.

Pte. M. M'Dermott, A. and S. Highlanders, who before joining up was employed at Craigendoran Station, has been killed in action.

The foundries in Falkirk and district closed yesterday, and will remain so during the ensuing week. The exodus from the district was very large.

Dumbarton Lennox Co-Operative Society, Limited, have contributed £20 to the Princess Louise's Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers at Erskine House.

Mr John W M'Lusky, engineer and manager of the Airdrie Corporation Gas Works, is upon the short leet for the important position of general manager and engineer to the Blackburn Corporation.

Patrick Connolly, 6 Hall Street, Renton, has completed eight years' perfect attendance in Renton St Martin's R.C. School, while his brother, Edward Connolly, has completed five years' perfect attendance.

Sergt. James Baird Thorneycroft Montgomerie, Canadians, who has been awarded the Military Medal, is a son of Mrs Montgomerie, Hastings Square, Darvel, Ayrshire. He was formerly a clerk in the employment of Messrs Coats & Co., Montreal.

COWDENBEATH SOLDIER HONOURED.

Sergt. Patrick Moyles, Yorkshire Light Infantry, who has been awarded the Military Medal and the D.C.M. for conspicuous bravery in the field. Prior to the war he resided with his widowed mother at North Lumphinnans, Cowdenbeath. Three brothers are also serving, one of whom is at present in hospital suffering from severe wounds in the chest, arm, and hand.

The death is intimated of a well-known Kippen man, Mr Thomas Welsh, Shirgarton, Kippen, in his seventy-second year. Deceased for many years carried on an extensive business as a joiner in the Kippen district.

For conspicuous bravery—having carried in five wounded men under heavy shell fire—Sergeant Esau Edwards, Machine Gun Section, who recently received the Military Medal, has now been presented with the D.C.M. He is a son of Mr David Edwards, Rosemount, Avonbridge.

The funeral of Private Duncan Ross, Gordon Highlanders, one of six Inverness brothers in the fighting line, took place at Inverness yesterday afternoon. He was seriously wounded at the front in May, and after being in a military hospital in France was taken to England, where he died.

At a meeting of Bonhill School Board Misses Catherine T. J. Miller, Jamestown; Agnes Stirling, Alexandria; Mary M'Gregor Aitken, Balloch; Jane R. Malcolm, Alexandria; and Margaret M'Ewan, Alexandria, were appointed teachers at a salary commencing at £65, with £10 war bonus in addition.

Handsome donations of £50 each have been been intimated by Mr William Patullo, Fullarton, Meigle, and Mr Hugh M. Patullo, Langlogie, Meigle, to the forthcoming Alyth and Meigle Red Cross Sale. Mr Wm. Lamond, Forfar, is to send a milch cow to the free gift sale to be held on 25th July, and opened by the Duchess of Atholl.

In place of the customary medal given to the dux of the school Alexander Amos, who held that position at Camelon School, Falkirk, has been presented with two war savings certificates and a bank-book with nine shillings invested. The prize was given by Mr Thomas Stark Brown.

GREENOCK GAS MANAGERSHIP.

Greenock, Saturday.

Greenock Corporation has received no fewer than thirty-three applications for the burgh gas managership, vacated by Mr James M'Leod, on his appointment as Scottish manager to a leading Glasgow manufacturing firm.

The following seven names appear on the short leet:—James Dickson, Johnstone; David Fulton, Helensburgh; Walter Grafton, Glasgow Corporation Gas Department; George Kellor, Dundee; George P. Wilson, Port-Glasgow; David Vass, Perth; William Wilson, Falkirk.

GALLANT CLYDE-BANK SOLDIER

RESCUES COMRADE FROM DROWNING.

EXCITING SCENE IN DANGEROUS POOL.

Clydebank, Saturday.

An exciting scene in which a Clydebank soldier, Private William Brown, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr and Mrs J. Brown, 1 Hume Street, Clydebank, played a gallant role was enacted in a river "somewhere in England" the other day. The battalion to which Private Brown is attached have been guarding a danger point in a well-known English beauty spot, and close by their camp runs a shallow river, in which the soldiers have frequently disported themselves.

To those who know its peculiarities the waterway affords a capital bathing ground, but a number of deep pools and hidden currents hold dangers for strangers and the unwary. A squad of soldiers had been down bathing, one of the number being a stranger, a strong swimmer who remained revelling in the water after his pals had left to dress again. The newcomer's presence was forgotten momentarily, and when next his pals looked towards the river he had disappeared.

Plunged to the Rescue.

Suddenly, in the middle of a deep and treacherous pool, a head appeared, and the onlookers saw the swimmer in serious difficulties. Without a moment's hesitation, and minus only his kilt and boots, Private Brown plunged in and struck out strongly for the drowning man.

In a few strokes he had reached him, only to be clutched in a panic-stricken clasp, and both the drowning man and his would-be rescuer were drawn downwards into the treacherous water. Time and again did Private Brown force his pal's head above the water, and ultimately he managed to work the now senseless swimmer and himself into shallow water, and willing helpers brought them ashore in an exhausted state. Private Brown quickly recovered, but it required an hour's application of artificial respiration before the other man began once again to evince signs of returning consciousness. Later he recovered sufficiently to be assisted back to the camp.

Private Brown is one of a family of father and three sons who have all been on service since the early days of the war.

SOLDIER STEALS WIDOW'S WATCH.

Sent Thirty Days to Prison.

Motherwell, Saturday.

Thomas Bryden, a soldier, was charged before Bailie Wilson, at Motherwell Police Court this morning with stealing a silver lever watch from the house of a widow.

Accused, who lived in St John's Square, had been in the habit of visiting the house of the widow, whose son is at present serving in the field. The woman had asked him to write some letters for her, and, while she was engaged at other household duties, Bryden had taken away the silver watch, which he afterwards pawned for 20s. When first taxed with the theft he denied it.

He pleaded guilty before the Magistrate, and expressed sorrow for his misdeeds.

Bailie Wilson said it was a particularly mean theft, and sentenced accused to thirty days' imprisonment without the option of a fine.

The pawnbroker, who appeared in the Court, was ordered to hand over the watch to the widow in payment of 10s—a monetary loss of 10s each to widow and pawnbroker.

BROTHERS RECEIVE MILITARY MEDAL.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Sergeant W. Cummings, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and whose home is in Mill Road, Chapel Street, Airdrie, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallant conduct in the recent fighting in France. The sergeant has had a long spell of fighting on the Western front, and a year ago was wounded at "Plug Street." His brother, Company Sergeant-Major Cummings, Machine Gun Corps, has also received the Military Medal.

RED CROSS WEEK APPEAL

(From 2d to 8th July, 1917).

Hail to the powers that preside o'er the weather,
Give us sweet breezes and clear skies of blue.
Hail to the spirit that calls us together,
Hail to the object we all have in view.
O'er the long battle line strong men are bleeding,
Great men are dying to keep our land free.
Give the dear lads all the comforts they're needing;
They give their bodies for you and for me.

'Neath the hot skies of old Egypt they're broiling,
And on the Tigris their blood seems to burn;
In Salonika's foul swamps they are toiling—
Darling Scots lads who may never return.
And on the blood-soaking fields of old Flanders
Gory and grim are the deeds of the Hun;
At our achievements the whole world wonders,
Great are the battles our heroes have won.

Out on the lone seas our sailors are braving
Foulest of dangers that hide 'neath the wave;
And from starvation our people they're saving,
They are the bravest of all that is brave.
With daring and skill and the purest devotion
They keep freedom's flag o'er the waters unfurled;
Gentleman Jack is the King of the Ocean,
Britain's bright shield that's defending the world.

Oh, but I'm proud to belong to Great Britain—
Oh, but I'm proud of old Scotia's great sons.
In history's pages their deeds shall be written,
For they are the terror of all the vile Huns.
What can we give to them? What can we do for them?
Think of the mountains that money can move;
And in each thought and each action be true to them,
Strengthen the Red Cross—the Emblem of Love.

The spirits of those who have fallen in battle
Speak with deep passion to every live soul;
We feel we are near them, and fancy we hear them
Cheering us onward to victory's great goal.
Mark this bright week with the greatest endeavour;
Scotland, my Scotland, show what can be done.
Comfort and cheer our great heroes for ever,
And stamp out the fiend in the heart of the Hun.

MATTHEW ANDERSON
(Ayrshire Policeman).

SEAFORTHS SAVE THE DAY.

300 KILTIES HOLD A BRIGADE.

AWFUL HAVOC OF CLOSE-RANGE FIRE.

(Specially Contributed.)

The history of how three hundred Highlanders held a gap in the British line during recent fighting on the Western front against odds as great as those faced by Leonidas and his band of Spartan men, but with better fortune, is told by a non-commissioned officer of the Seaforth Highlanders in hospital at Brighton.

Terrible Fire.

We went over at dawn with the rest, he said. All were under terrible fire. The further we got the worse it became, and when we reached the cluster of shell-shattered farm buildings, at which we were to join up with a supporting battalion for the purpose of prolonging the line to withstand the counter-attack which we knew the enemy would deliver with the reserve troops now to be seen moving out from behind their own wrecked trenches, we found that about three hundred of our battalion were through, and nothing was to be seen of the supporting troops.

They were held up on the left, just as part of our own battalion was held up on the right, and there were we jammed in that gap, three hundred tired, battle-tried men against at least a brigade of fresh enemy troops, who had been fed and well treated in reserve trenches for weeks past in anticipation of a day such as that.

The gap in the line had to be held at all costs, or it would have gone ill with the whole British plans if the enemy had been able to drive a stout wedge in between our advancing troops. We made the best preparation we could, and then settled down to await the Huns.

No "Dud" Shots.

We didn't waste many bullets. We let them get in range before we opened fire, and there weren't many "dud" shots fired by us. The first ranks of the Germans went down, and we could see gaps made in the succeeding ranks. Still they came again, until they were near enough to use the bayonet and the bombs. They threw in a shower of bombs, and came at us all they were worth.

The odds in that fight were at least four to one so far as the hand-to-hand struggle went, but you must add to that the fact that when one German got knocked out there were others to take his place.

We stood up to that sort of thing for seven solid hours, but try as they would the Germans could not break through. We held the gap and saved the day.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS OF PRUSSIAN METHODS.

Sixteen Months In Four German Prisons

THE extraordinary experiences of Henry C. Mahoney, an English civilian prisoner of war, arrested as a British spy, his secret trial, solitary confinement in the military prison at Wesel, and 16 months in the prison camps of Sennelager, Klingelputz, Wesel, and Ruhleben.

The picture shows the author as he appeared on the day of his release from Ruhleben.

It is taken from an official German photograph attached to his passport, and bearing the stamp of the Kommandatur at Berlin.

THIS AMAZING RECORD BEGINS IN THIS WEEK'S

Red Letter

OUT ON WEDNESDAY 1d.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

ANOTHER WINTER CAMPAIGN PROBABLE.

FATE OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)
London, Saturday Night.

A FRIEND who has just come back from France, where he was accorded special facilities for visiting the British front, and had a long conversation with Sir Douglas Haig, has given me a very glowing account of the military outlook.

Though it cannot be denied that the public at home are subject to recurrent waves of pessimism, there seems to be no trace of this spirit on the fighting front. Our generals are under no illusions as to the strength of the German resistance, and they recognise the probability of our having to face the rigours of another winter campaign.

Enemy Weakening.

Nevertheless they detect signs that the enemy is weakening, and, in the language of the army subaltern, are "tremendously bucked" at the crushing reverses we have been able to inflict on the Germans on the Arras front and at Messines. They are very hopeful also about the prospects of the immediate future, but the considerations on which this hopefulness is based are manifestly matters which it would be mischievous to discuss in anything but the most general terms.

Fate of Proportional Representation.

A very close division is expected in the House of Commons on Wednesday, when the question of proportional representation again comes up for consideration. No one seems to regard as final the vote which was taken on the question three or four weeks ago, and when, it will be remembered, there was a majority of seven against the adoption of the principle.

I am told, moreover, that on Wednesday Mr Asquith will probably throw the weight of his influence into the scale, and this in itself will determine a good many Liberal votes. The ex-Premier has been hesitating for some time as to the course he should pursue, and though it cannot be said that he is an enthusiastic advocate for proportional representation, he has at last come to the conclusion that the balance of argument is in favour of trying the experiment on the modest lines recommended by the Speaker's Comm e.

Like many other members, Mr Asquith has also been influenced in some degree by the debates on the Reform Bill which have since taken place. These debates have shown that the proportional representation clauses are an integral part of the compromise.

Sir F. E. Smith made this very clear when he announced the considerations which had led him to waive his objections to women's suffrage, the Attorney-General hinting in no uncertain manner that he might have arrived at a different determination if he had thought there was any danger of proportional representation being struck out of the Bill.

No Warning of Air Raids.

The decision of the Home Secretary, now officially notified, that there are to be no air raid warnings in London is one, I think, which will be generally approved.

It appears from Sir George Cave's letter to the Lord Mayor that the whole question has been carefully considered in all its bearings by the War Cabinet, and Mr Lloyd George and his colleagues have come to the conclusion that in the public interest it is not desirable that warnings should be given.

In reaching this decision the Cabinet was possessed of information not available to the man in the street. You have to belong to the official world to know how many false alarms there are for every raid that actually takes place. I am told that if warnings had been decided on there was a week recently when we should have had the tocsin sounded every day. And yet during the whole of that week there was no actual raid, the Taubes either changing their minds or else being driven back at the coast.

Warnings given in such circumstances would only cause needless alarm. It would be the cry of wolf, wolf, over again, and when the beasts did actually appear, not one individual in a thousand would have taken the precaution of seeking cover.

By the way, Lord Crewe has just made public the fact that the Germans, when they raid London, now drop shrapnel bombs, as well as explosive and incendiary bombs.

"Native" Labour in France.

There are now large numbers of Chinese in France who are doing excellent work in the ports, in the munition factories, and behind the lines, and it is considered likely that, as the result of the co-operation by the Government of China, the number will be largely increased.

Before they can be induced to leave their country these labourers insist, I hear, on a contract providing not only for their wages, which are small enough, but for the shipment by the French Government of their bodies back to China in the event of death. They are hard workers, and although they have not the stamina of Europeans, they put in long hours and live on very little. They have done splendidly in connection with the agricultural industry.

As regards the South African natives now in France, the suggestion is, I hear, put forward that, in view of the Channel tunnel being taken in hand, they should be retained for the work of excavation. Most of them have had considerable experience of mining in Kimberley and on the Rand, and would, therefore, be of really good service, especially as a large amount of skilled white labour will be required elsewhere.

WHAT THE NAVAL WAR HAS COST UP TO DATE.

HOW A GREAT U BOAT WAS TRAPPED IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

A POINT brought out by the King's visit to the Grand Fleet is the identity of the British submarine commander who succeeded in torpedoing two German Dreadnoughts off the Jutland coast last November.

It was Commander Noel Laurence, D.S.O., who added this achievement to his list of successes. While operating in the Baltic during the summer of 1915, he sank one big German transport, and severely damaged the enemy battle cruiser Moltke in a subsequent torpedo attack. For his eminent services in the Baltic he received the D.S.O., and a decoration from the Czar.

"The Mystery V.C."

It was thought that the "mystery V.C." awarded to Commander Gordon Campbell a few months ago was connected with the Dreadnought affair of last November, but it has subsequently transpired that Commander Gordon Campbell's action, which won him the V.C., was connected with a naval episode which took place more than two years ago!

The Dreadnoughts torpedoed by Commander Laurence were the Grosses Kurfurst and Thuringen, the former ship receiving two torpedo hits and the latter one. Both survived their injuries. At the time, the Admiralty announced that "two battleships of the Kaiser class" had been torpedoed, but neither the Grosser Kurfurst nor the Thuringen belong to the Kaiser class at all!

The Grosser Kurfurst, of 25,000 tons, belongs to the new German Koenig class of Dreadnoughts, and was just fininshed before the outbreak of war. The older Thuringen, of 22,800 tons, is a unit of the Ostfriesland group of Dreadnoughts, and was finished in June, 1911. Her appearance is so peculiar and distinctive, one wonders how she could have been identified as one of the "Kaiser" class Dreadnoughts, which are of an entirely different build. But, perhaps, the Admiralty announcement was rendered purposely misleading.

A Marvel.

Here arises something of a marvel. We claimed publicly to have torpedoed two of the Kaiser class, whereas we did not hit a single ship of that type. The German Admiralty could, therefore, have flatly contradicted us with perfect truth, and said "no units of the Kaiser class have been torpedoed, as the British Admiralty claims."

The Germans, for some inscrutable reason, never did anything of the sort, and passed by our official announcement in silence. The Berlin Admiralty has called us liars directly and indirectly on many occasions, but when offered the chance of demonstrating, by actual proof, that we had been circulating misleading information, they could not rise to their opportunity. As remarked above, this is something of a wonder to ponder over.

As regards the photographs published of the King's visit to his Fleet, due care seems to have been taken in the selection of photographs approved for publication, with one flagrant exception. I will not specify the exact nature of the exception, but it contains information most useful to the enemy, and most dangerous for an important unit of our fleet. I must admit that the supervision of naval photographs published in the press is carried out along excellent lines, but the lack of one small item of technical knowledge has led to an unfortunate blunder, revealing certain information which I would not even dare to commit to paper in any form.

A Minor Surprise.

One of the minor naval surprises to be chronicled this week is the sudden and dramatic appearance of the German cruiser Breslau in the Black Sea.

For the last eleven months she has lain at the Turkish naval dockyard at Pera in Constantinople, completely inactive. After making acquaintance with a Russian mine, a huge hole was blown in her stern, and the cavity was botched up with wood and cement filling. The vibration of her screws caused the filling to work loose, and the Breslau could not steam above twenty knots without the danger of breaking off her stern.

With infinite difficulty the Germans managed to transport new frames, plating, and shaft brackets to Constantinople, where skilled German shipwrights effected repairs to the Breslau. After her long holiday the Breslau turned out last Monday and started to create Cain in the Black Sea once more. She bombarded the Russian lighthouse and wireless station at Feodnissei, and sent an armed landing party ashore to complete the destruction of the buildings. The Russian report says:—"Having concluded this operation, the Breslau was chased back into the Bosphorus by our destroyers." The wording of the communique is unfortunately ambiguous; it suggests that the Russian destroyers had the courtesy to wait till the Breslau had quite finished before they started chivvying her home.

One regrets that the lamentable internal dissensions in the Russian Navy has forced Admiral Kolchak into retirement, after a dramatic scene with the malcontents of his fleet. Admiral Kolchak was the youngest, most energetic, and capable of the Russian admirals. He is said to owe his downfall to the activities of his chief of staff, Captain Smirnoff, whose martinet discipline was uncongenial to the temper of the Russian lower deck. The new Admiral and Chief of Staff appointed to the Black Sea are Admiral Eliukin and Captain Zorin, concerning whose abilities nothing can be discovered at present.

An Expensive Necessity.

The ruling of the waves in peace time was an expensive necessity for John Bull, and each Navy Estimates produced dismal forebodings of national ruin in the breasts of the Little-Navy Party.

In March, 1914, the Navy Estimates rose to a little over fifty millions, whereupon a hundred odd members of Parliament signed a petition to Mr Asquith protesting against the extravagant peace-time demands of the Admiralty.

How much does a year of naval warfare cost us? A thoughtful Parliament has just provided us with the bill, and from April 1, 1915, to March 31, 1916, our naval expenditure amounted to £211,421,914. Even this gigantic sum has been found inadequate, for Dr Macnamara, the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty, has had to present a supplementary estimate of £1,186,617 "to make good excesses of Navy expenditure beyond the grants for the year ended March 31, 1916."

With the Supplementary Estimate the total of expenses mounts up to £212,608,531. A rough-and-ready calculation (whose accuracy I cannot guarantee), suggests that, from August, 1914, up to the present moment the naval war has cost us something like six hundred million pounds. But posterity will not call us spendthrifts for pouring all this money into the sea. In the United States the British Navy is called "the best investment ever made in the history of the world." If you want an explanation look around you. I wager you will not see a German soldier strutting down the street.

Into the Trap.

The veteran Admiral Fournier recently carried out the pleasant mission of distributing rewards amounting to £1000 to the crew of a French trawler for the destruction of a U boat. The sinking of this pirate has been recorded by a spirited illustration in one of our periodicals. The episode presents such picturesque features, and one may be forgiven for giving a wider publicity to its details.

The French Breton fishing fleets had been suffering so severely from the attacks of German submarines, the naval authorities decided to arm a trawler, the Hyacinthe Yvonne, and man her with naval ratings. This was done with commendable secrecy and swiftness. The external appearance of the Hyacinthe Yvonne was not changed in the least, and she went to sea with the other fishing craft as a kind of "plain clothes policeman."

On the very first voyage the prey fell into the trap. A great German submarine broke water in the middle of the fishing craft and started to blaze away right and left. The Hyacinthe Yvonne went for her as a terrier goes for a rat, or rather as a mongoose goes for a snake. The submarine and the armed trawler fought each other intensely at close range, and the U boat inflicted a mortal injury to the Hyacinthe Yvonne by hitting her under the water-line.

The French sailors were game and stuck to their gun. At last, one of their shells got home and the U boat started to show unmistakable signs of grogginess. The German gunners left their guns and bolted for the conning tower hatch, down which they dived like rabbits into a warren. The hatch slammed down, and the submarine started to dive. She got her bows underwater, and there she stuck.

Then slowly the stern of the huge submarine began to rise into the air, until the U boat stood on end almost vertically, half under water, and bows downwards. The sinking Hyacinthe Yvonne struggled in closer and closer, sending shell after shell through the most vital parts of the submarine's stern, where all the engines and dynamos are contained.

The riddled U boat went down like a stone, and shortly after the Hyacinthe Yvonne also sank from her injuries. None of the armed trawler's crew were killed, and all survived to receive their well-merited rewards from the hands of Admiral Fournier. Their ship was lost, but little they cared. The devil fish had been slain.

Appalling Exposure.

The appalling exposure of the Mesopotamia blunders does not come within my province of comment, except on one point, and that is the question of river transport. It is pointed out in the Report that considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining craft of suitable build and shallow draught for operations on the Tigris above Basrah.

What was the exact number of vessels required, we are not told, but on looking up various lists of the world's fleets, one can collect a respectable number of naval vessels which could have easily been secured for the Mesopotamia campaign.

In China we had ten river gunboats of the Widgeon class, all doing police duty on the Yangtze River. With one exception, all these craft drew only two and a half feet of water, and are specially built for work on shallow rivers. Four Royal Indian Marine river gunboats were even closer to the scene of operations. In all, fifty-five naval vessels could have been collected, every one of them being specially built and eminently adapted for river warfare. Yet none of these vessels, with the possible exception of the R.I.M. gunboats, has yet appeared on the scene of action in Mesopotamia, so far as I can ascertain from published despatches. Instead, we have gone to the expense of building a completely new fleet of river monitors and gunboats for work in this area of warfare.

THE LESSON OF MESOPOTAMIA.

WHY OFFICIALS MUST BE REMOVED.

By DURWARD MACLEOD.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

AN ancient proverb declares that there are three things which never return—the spoken word, the sped arrow, and the lost opportunity. But the list can with ease be augmented. For instance, wasted lives and wasted energy.

And the known history of Britain does not record a more profligate and shameful waste of human life and human energy than that disclosed in the Commission's report on the Mesopotamia Expedition.

This tragic story of military ineptitude and scandalous mismanagement, of official neglect and unpardonable blundering, of political strategy and subterfuge, has stirred into flame the indignation of the Empire.

Gallipoli, we have been told, was a gamble. Experts still assert that there existed a slim chance of success. Mesopotamia was not a gamble. It was was not even a forlorn hope—it was a debacle.

Sir John Nixon's foolish telegram of confidence in his ability to capture Bagdad, that famous Eastern city, came as a godsend to the perturbed and quaking minds of the Cabinet. And at their bidding the Highlanders of Scotland and the men of India went forth to fight and perish under circumstances unparalleled in warfare.

Only one ray of pleasing light illumines the ghastly business. Major Carter, of the Indian Medical Service, at the risk of ruining his career, insisted on exposing the cruel fate that overtook the British wounded at Ctesiphon and the appalling conditions prevalent at Basra.

Was this honest and humanitarian attempt at improvement appreciated? It was not. Major-General Cowper, Deputy-Assistant and Quartermaster-General, coolly stated in the witness-box:—"I threatened to put him (Major Carter) under arrest, and I said that I would get his hospital ship taken away from him for a meddlesome and interfering faddist." A splendid reward, was it not, for a man simply trying to do his duty on behalf of the sick and the wounded?

A careful study of the report—and it is a document worthy of careful study, though the reading thereof humiliate and embitter—glaringly indicates that the only items connected with the bungled expedition which never failed, and of which there was never a shortage, were the dauntless valour and almost superhuman endurance of our gallant fighting lads.

The Lack of Medical Attention.

The lack of anything approaching proper and efficient medical attention to the wounded in battle forms the most disgraceful feature of the lurid story. For instance, it is learned that during May, June, and July, 1915, more hospital river steamers had become essential, but they were not even asked for. At the Ctesiphon engagement it was practically impossible for wounded men to ascertain where they had to go for medical aid.

Then during the Kut relief operations field ambulances were so overcrowded that patient after patient passed through them without receiving attention or food. In the advance to Amara, there was an appalling shortage of drugs, and at various periods X-ray operations were carried on with an apparatus that any modern hospital would have refused to contain.

And, incredible though it may appear, on some of the river steamers and barges for troops and the sick there were no water tanks, while some of the water tanks supplied were useless!

Nevertheless this pandemonium of disorder and culpable lack of elementary preparation for the support of a military force invading a wild and difficult country was never even hinted at by the men upon whose shoulders rests the grim responsibility for it all.

According to the Commission, Surgeon-General Hathaway throughout the campaign was the chief offender in the policy of suppressing the unpleasant, but he cannot have been much more expert at the game than Sir Beauchamp Duff who, just when things were at their worst, intimated in his official reports that there was nothing wrong except a shortage of river transport "which we are striving every nerve to supplement." Nothing wrong!

In the light of these exposures, it is easy to acknowledge the justice and truth of the terrible indictment signed by the Commissioners—an indictment of unsurpassable frankness and fearlessness, the kernel of which is contained in the following:—"The advance to Baghdad under the conditions existing in October, 1915, was an offensive movement based upon political and military miscalculations and attempted with tired and insufficient forces and inadequate preparation."

Will the Men Responsible Be Punished?

Inefficiency and incompetence are not tolerated in the rank and file of the British Army. They are rigorously encountered, and the culprits made to pay the penalty. Are men in high places to be allowed to sin with impunity?

Behind all the surprise, dismay, and anger conjured up by the Commission's report lurks one vital interrogation. Has this puerile idiocy been confined to Mesopotamia?

It certainly must not be allowed to endanger or threaten the chances of victory on the Western front to-day!

Our sons and brothers must not be called upon to run the risks of British military and political incapacity and dishonesty as well as the shells, bombs, and bullets of a brutal enemy.

Out of evil cometh good. This Mesopotamia muddle, with its harvest of woe, misery, and tears, should bring home to all of us the chastening fact that our system of government—like every other earthly institution—falls far short of perfection. It has made possible—and probably still makes possible—the attainment by men of blatant mediocrity of positions of influence and power involving the destinies of thousands.

One thing is certain—this country cannot afford to make many mistakes equalling in magnitude those of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia. Indeed, such an error in France might well have meant the defeat of the cause for which we strive and endure at cost in life and money beyond the scope of imagination.

A just cry resounds throughout the land for the punishment of the men whose ignorance, neglect, and inactivity have directly strewn the sands of Mesopotamia with countless graves. And it would seem imperative that the officials who blundered and lied must be removed—and removed for ever—from the service of the nation.

Moreover, in conjunction with the demand for the punishment of the culprits there will be raised the question as to whether Sir Douglas Haig and Sir David Beatty remain unhampered and unfettered by petty political schemes, ambitions, animosities and aspirations.

The nation wants to know—and wants to be assured—that those two able leaders have been given a free hand, and that no Parliamentary carpet-bagger, no politician or other luminary possesses the right to dictate or interfere with their plans for the smashing of the Huns.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Arabian Nightmares.—The horrors of the Mesoptamia Report.—London Press.

The release by Germany of 3000 Finnish volunteers is less Finnish than hoby—London Star.

The question in the world to-day is Who put the helm in Wilhelm.?—Topical Times Journal.

Double or Quits.

Mr Churchill once told us that the Hun was a gamble. It seems clear that the Hun Gang went double or quits in Mesopotamia—and lost.—London Evening News.

First American Unit.

However few in numbers, its arrival is a sign to all men—an omen full of hope and promise to the friends of ordered freedom, a portent of defeat and ruin to its foes.—The Times.

Too Good!

The attempt to take Bagdad and the relief of Kut resulted in 38,000 casualties. We have no satisfaction in the reflection that the troops were magnificent. They were indeed, too good for their bungling leaders.—The Nation.

Sounds Sane.

The might of America comes in time to arrest defeat; it joins up to carry on victory with greater certainty and greater concentration into the heart of the enemy's country.—Dundee Courier.

Haig Not Hodge.

Whatever is done to increase food production must be done without impairing our fighting forces. . . . It is Marshal Haig and not Farmer Hodge who will win the war.—Daily Mail.

Impossible.

You may lead a horse to the water trough but you cannot make him drink. You may bar all the Teutons from the water supply but you cannot make some of them wash.—New York Sun.

"Sammies."

A day or two ago you seemed to be in a quandary as to the name for the American soldier. We cannot well call him Yankee, John or Johnny Yank, so why not compromise on "Sammy," for Uncle Sam? Then we'll have the British Tommy, the French Polly, and American "Sammy."—St. Louis Port Dispatch.

Truth Will Out.

In spite of the desperate efforts now being made to hide the truth in Germany it is clear that the true facts are being driven home to the rank and file of the German people. They are preparing to shake off the shackles of Kaiserdom and free themselves from the tyranny of military despotism.—Weekly News.

Wonderful People.

We are still undefeated. In February, when intensified submarine warfare began, our end was to be "speedy"; then we were given a respite until May; later on it was announced that our collapse would come in June; now it is announced from Berlin that we must definitely sue for peace in October. Wonderful people, those Germans.—Navy and Military Record.

Churchill and Chamberlain.

Mr Winston Churchill blasted his career by imposing his headstrong will upon his expert advisers. No one, except perhaps his intimate friends, wastes sympathy upon his failures. Mr Chamberlain trusted to his trained counsellors to know best what were the requirements and resources for equipping a purely Indian military expedition. Just as Mr Churchill was made to suffer for sins of commission, so Mr Chamberlain is likely to suffer for a sin of omission.—The Outlook.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL.

LEADING GERMAN BANKER AND "WILHELMSTRASSE IDIOTS."

By J. M. de BEAUFORT.

I CONSIDER myself very fortunate in having been able to obtain a certain number of entirely independent interviews with various Germans, and which are recorded in the following chapters.

Some of the talks I had were grotesque; some of them were ludicrous; again, some of them I believe to have been absolutely genuine.

There was the calm and genial Von Gwinner; there were the thundering and explosive Dr Bucher, and the famous Major Herwarth Von Bitterfeld. There was Herr Sassenbach, the trades unionist, and Herr Mumm Von Schwarzenstein, the typical, pompious Foreign Office official. There was the truthful and sincere Herr Crass, of Krupps, and there were several—well, we will say, men of short memory and long imagination.

I think I may claim to have been the first—and I daresay, after all the enterprise various pro-British newspapermen have recently shown in Germany—I shall be the last foreign journalist, at least during the war, who has interviewed Herr Arthur Von Gwinner, Managing Director of the Deutsche Bank; Germany's greatest financial genius; intimate friend of the Kaiser and the man behind the Bagdad Railroad.

I brought Herr Von Gwinner a warm letter of introduction from a mutual friend in Rome. While I knew that this would insure admittance to the holy of holies of the severe palatial edifice of the Behrenstrasse, the "Deutsche Bank," I expected little more than ten to fifteen minutes, if that much, with the great man.

I was very pleasantly disappointed in my estimate. The first time I met Herr Von Gwinner we talked for considerably over an hour. How on earth this happened I am absolutely at a loss to explain. From no one in Germany did I expect less to obtain such a long audience than from Herr Von Gwinner. I saw him several times after our first meeting, but the feast was not repeated, at least not as regards length. Perhaps he had a headache that first day, and did not feel like work; perhaps it was because he loves to talk French, and wanted to make the best of his opportunity, which in these times, I presume, does not occur very often. Whatever the reason may be I profited by it, as it gave me nearly an hour and a half with one of Germany's greatest men.

As the late Lord Redesdale says in his delightful memoirs, "We talked about many things and some others."

But, let me begin at the beginning.

He received me in his private office at the "Deutsche Bank." The first impression one gains of Herr Von Gwinner is exceedingly disappointing. He does not look the part at all. One would sooner take him for a chemist's clerk than for the man who would dictate terms to anyone in Germany. He is small of stature, wears an old shabby frock-coat, and seems to have a weakness for fancy waistcoats (at least, every time I have seen him he wore a different coloured one), and the flowing ties which remind you of Montmartre. The first impression soon makes room for a second and a very different one. There is nothing pompous, nothing ceremonious about Herr Von Gwinner. He puts you at your ease at once. You make mental salti mortales through a succession of various impressions of the man, which it would take a better pen than mine to sort out. One moment he has the easy, informal manner of the American business man, the slap-bang "How-d'ye-do-glad-to-see-you-take-a-seat-have-a-cigar" kind; the next minute his manners impress you as those of the finished, polished man of the world.

Herr Von Gwinner reminds you of many nationalities, but least of all of his own, except in some of his arguments.

He is one of the best-read men I have met: he seems to take an interest, and a more than surface one, in art; he is familiar with the French and English classics, and discoursed on Wagner and music as if he had made a life study of them.

How on earth he has found the time to cultivate and follow all these hobbies, together with his most strenuous labours at the bank, is a miracle to me. With it all there is something extremely simple, direct and forceful in his personality which grows stronger the better you know him. He has small but very penetrating eyes, and it would be well worth while to see him in action with an opponent of equal calibre. His English and French were alike perfect, almost like those of a native.

Von Gwinner Lets Himself Loose.

"As in many other cases," Herr Von Gwinner began, "our enemies have juggled the words in their argument as to who started the war. It was not Germany that made war, but 'made in Germany' is what caused it. Our commerce was growing in leaps and bounds; we competed with England in every part of the world, and, as a rule, to her disadvantage.

"Then all this nonsense about German militarism. What about English 'navalism?' I have heard it said that they are twin brothers. Perhaps! If so, we should add that militarism is the hard-working, the intelligent brother, while navalism is the adventurer, the 'ne'er-do-well' of the two.

"When I say 'ne'er-do-well,' I am using the term in its moral sense only, of course. From the adventurer's, the pirate's point of view, the British Fleet has done quite well. Let us look at the record. One after the other, it has destroyed the Spanish Navy, of Elizabeth's time; the Dutch Navy; then the French, and, finally, the Danish Navy, which was rendered obsolete in 1801. And now they are trying to destroy ours. If they should succeed, do you know whose turn it would be next? The American Navy. England does not tolerate any close second naval power in the world. Militarism, indeed! They scoff at our 'Deutschland uber Alles,' but what about their motto —'Britannia rules the waves'? Is there room in the present age for such intolerable arrogance?

"Do you realise that Germany is the only country that has not been at war for forty-four years? Every other European nation has. England had the atrocious robber war of the Transvaal; the French have fought in Morocco and Madagascar; America with Spain; Russia with Japan; Italy with Turkey, and so on. Our Kaiser could have found many times, especially during the last ten years, not merely excuses, but good solid reasons to draw the sword, but again and again he gave in, preached moderation, for the benefit of Germany and the world in general. But there is a limit to all things."

Passing on to the next subject, Herr Von Gwinner grew somewhat excited. He rose, and in an almost melodramatic voice and manner exclaimed:—

"But the greatest crime of all, the most dastardly act in the history of the world, is England's plan to starve out a whole nation. Yes, a whole nation of women and children. Can you think of anything more criminal, more inhuman? Tell me what do neutral countries think of that?"

A pause in his eloquent charge gave me an opportunity of asking—"But, Herr Von Gwinner, is there any difference between a fortified town and a fortified country? What happened in Paris, for instance, during the Franco-Prussian war? There were many women and children starving to death then. Isn't Germany, after all, one great fortress?"

But it is hard to checkmate a man of Herr Von Gwinner's mettle.

"Yes, certainly there is a difference," he gravely replied without a moment's hesitation. "In a fortified town the women and children and other non-combatants are given ample opportunity to leave the city. If they remain, they do so if their own free will and at their own risk. It is impossible for the women and children of a whole nation to leave the country. No, a thousand times no, sir, there never has been in the history of the world such a vile, low attempt at murder as the English plan of starving Germany into submission."

Many answers and many questions ran through my mind. I wanted to ask about the women and children murdered at Hartlepool, Scarborough, Whitby, on the Lusitania; I wanted to inquire about the innocent women and children Zeppelin victims, but I was afraid I would stop Herr Von Gwinner's flow of rhetoric.

He continued—"But this country cannot be starved out, and, as our Chancellor said, 'Germany can never be destroyed.' The English 'gentlemen' are not going to turn this country into one large 'concentration camp' so familiar to us since the days of the Boer War."

Somehow when he said, "Germany can never be destroyed," his words lacked the conviction which had been in most of his speech. He impressed one like a man fighting with his back against the wall.

The force of his vituperative fire in denouncing England had soon spent itself, and presently, mopping his eyebrows and forehead with a coloured handkerchief, he sat down again and returned to the subject of militarism.

"What is militarism?" he asked, and then proceeded to answer the question himself—"German militarism is nothing else but the German spirit, love of country, sacrifice. Militarism is only another word for 'heroism.' It means the upholding of the manly qualities of courage and obedience, it represents the virtues of a free people. During the last ten years our annual expenses for this 'frightful militarism' have been about 900 million marks" (£45,000,000), "while for social works alone our expenses are over a thousand million marks yearly" (£50,000,000).

"Has Germany intention of annexing the foreign territory she now occupies?" was one of my next questions. (How varied the answers have been to that oft-repeated query of mine!)

"That is a question which cannot be answered at present," he slowly replied; "but if ever in the history of the world a country had a right to keep what it had gained, I think Germany has. Every foot of territory she occupies has been bought with the life-blood of her manhood. We were attacked on all sides. We not only made a wonderful defence, but succeeded in keeping the fighting on the enemy's ground. That is something for which even we Germans did not dare hope. Whatever form it will take, territory in Europe, outside of it, or an indemnity, our enemies will be made to pay dearly for their baseless, murderous attack on our country."

"And what if Germany should lose?"

"Then," and his words came slowly and carefully, while his voice once more grew grave, "if our enemies should have their way, and the German Empire be disintegrated, the army disbanded, this country would become once more, as was the case in Napoleonic days, the cockpit of Europe. One war would follow another. The Russians would try to push further west, and England, with whatever Allies she might be able to gather round her, would be involved in a long struggle to hold the Cossacks back. America, too, would suffer, and the day will come when she may be grateful for Germany's support against her growing enemy—Japan."

PITCH AND TOSS CRAZE.

PLAY FOR HIGH STAKES IN LANARKSHIRE.

PUDDLER'S HAUL OF £50.

(Exclusive to "Post Sunday Special.")

Hamilton, Saturday.

At Hamilton Burgh Police Court, this week, two Polish miners admitted that on Sunday, 17th June, they engaged in a game of cards on a vacant piece of ground situated between Russell Street and Glenlee Street, Burnbank.

In pressing for an exemplary penalty, Chief Constable Millar explained that this was an offence which was almost epidemic in the town. Complaints in regard to the practice were very rife, especially on Sundays.

The culprits were very difficult to catch, as they had scouts set to watch the police. Provost Moffat, who occupied the Bench, fined each of the aliens in the sum of £2.

With the facts of this case before him, a representative of the "Post Sunday Special" has pursued inquiries, and the information he has acquired is rather startling.

"We play regularly on Sundays, wet or shine, and it would take a mighty slick peeler to rope in the gang," observed one pitch and toss enthusiast.

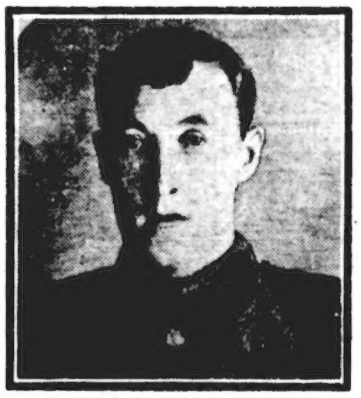
Pitch and toss has been, and still remains, the craze, but last Sunday there were £40 on the ground, and that sum changed hands entirely on the spin of a coin.

"Stakes, I grant you, are high in these days, but," he added, "if you want to know something of the gambling mania that is abroad in Lanarkshire, take a trip over to Motherwell any Sunday."

"Yes," chimed in a companion, "some of the big wage men over there win and lose pounds with a coolness that is almost uncanny. Last Sunday's haul to a puddler of my own acquaintance was just £50. You'll hardly reach that at ink slinging, sonny?"

Inquiries made at the police justify to a large extent the views expressed by Captain Millar, Hamilton, as to the difficulty in detecting the "schools" at work. It seems that both at Cadzow, near Hamilton, and at the Camp district on the outskirts of Motherwell, the stances occupied by the Sunday gamblers are selected because of the geographical advantages they enjoy.

AIRDRIE D.C.M.



Corporal James Tobin, Connaught Rangers, who has been awarded the D.C.M. and the Russian Order of St George. He is a native of the village of Longriggend, near Airdrie, and at a meeting in the Public Hall there, the Rev. Father Graham presiding, Corporal Tobin was presented with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed. The Airdrie soldier gained the decorations for an act of gallantry performed in Mesopotamia on 10th April, 1916.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL—Contd.

While always speaking in moderation, Von Gwinner plainly showed that he was far from satisfied with Germany's system of Government. He has no use for the average German diplomat.

"But then you see," he said to me one day, and his face was gleaming with that soft, genial smile of his, as if he were proud of the statement he was going to make, "we Germans are not diplomats. We are too open, too frank, too honest. Hitherto our diplomatic positions have been practically the sole prerogative of our old families, our Junker class. All this is going to change."

He blamed the Kaiser for the condition of Germany's diplomatic service, saying that it was he who was responsible that diplomatic honours have been accorded more with a view to birth than on account of merit. Von Gwinner hates diplomats, in fact he loathes the whole Foreign Office, and is reported to have said that "but for the idiots in the Wilhelmstrasse this war would never have been."

. . . . . .

"How long do you think this war is going to last?" I asked him one day.

The answer came at once. No question can baffle Herr von Gwinner.

"The war will last until Germany can conclude an honourable peace—i.e., on such terms as will hold the necessary guarantees against interference and wanton attack from backward and jealous nations. Then she will once more continue to fulfil her peaceful mission, the development of her commerce, and the improvement of the social conditions of her labourers."

He declined to specify the guarantees.

. . . . . .

I liked Herr Von Gwinner. He was one of the few Germans I met who I think was absolutely honest with me.

NEXT WEEK—

My remarkable interview with Herr Crass, Krupp's representative in Berlin.

STEADILY CLOSING IN ON LENS.

WHAT A RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE MIGHT MEAN IN THE WEST.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

ALTHOUGH it may be said generally that the pause which followed on the Messines battle still continues, the news today indicates that we are steadily closing in on Lens.

Sir Douglas Haig is able to report that to the south of that doomed industrial town we have advanced into the enemy's line to a depth of over a mile on a total front of about four miles.

There have been signs for some time past that the Crown Prince Rupprecht is preparing to evacuate this great mining centre. No doubt we shall be told afterwards that the withdrawal has been a voluntary one, according to plan. But we are now creeping round the town to an extent that makes its surrender inevitable.

The Germans are seeking to delay our advance by inundations north of Avion, but, as a result of our latest attack, a whole series of strongly-organised defensive systems covering the town have been captured. And in this last little push we have not only gained the whole of our objectives with slight loss, but Sir Douglas Haig reports that positions of great strength as well as of tactical and strategic importance have passed into our hands at the expense of very slight casualties.

Fruits of Earlier Victory.

In what is happening south of Lens we begin to see the British Army realising the fruits of the earlier victory which gave us possession of the Vimy Ridge. But no one imagines that even the fall of Lens will mark anything more than a milestone in our progress.

We have heard a great deal lately about the end of the spring offensive, but it was nothing more than an accidental coincidence that midsummer day chanced to mark the end of one phase and the beginning of a new phase in the Allied plans in the West.

The important point to note is that we have battered down the enemy's most formidable positions on the Western front, and now have the advantage which goes with the possession of high ground in most of the sectors between the sea and Champagne. And this gain has been achieved by the first of July, when there are still three or four months of good campaigning weather in front of us.

Sir Douglas Haig, therefore, has every reason to be satisfied with the results secured. No doubt it is true that still greater progress might have been secured if the Russians had been in a position to launch an offensive in the East on the date that had been arranged. But even the Russian failure carries with it a certain moral of a wholly reassuring kind, for Von Hindenburg has been able to devote almost his entire resources to the task of holding up the British advance, and we have seen that even those entire resources have proved inadequate for the work they have been required to perform.

If Sir Douglas Haig has been able to achieve so much with the cream of the German Army opposed to him we are entitled to ask how much more might have been done if Von Hindenburg had been unable to withdraw any reinforcements from the East.

Russo-Roumanian Possibilities.

It is possible, of course, that Russia may yet make her influence felt, and that also very much earlier than is commonly supposed. If discipline can be restored and transport adequately organised, General Brussiloff is not lacking in resources. Indeed the Russian Army is probably better equipped at this moment in the matter of munitions than it has been at any time since the war began. This applies also to the Roumanian Army in the South, of which we have heard very little for many months past. A Russian offensive in Galicia or elsewhere, coupled with a Roumanian advance in the South, would radically alter the situation on the Western and on the Italian fronts.

There are reasons why Russia should resume the offensive as early as possible, even in the interests of the Provisional Government. Apart from Petrograd's commitments to the Allies, a resumption of military activity might tend to pull the country together, and to divert popular attention from the political wrangle in which the new Government finds itself involved.

German Morale.

Whilst we have unquestionably established an ascendancy over the enemy in the West in the matter of morale, munitions, and guns, there is a tendency in some quarters to underrate the morale of the German armies. Some of the new recruits show a readiness to surrender that was foreign to the German Army in the earlier days of the war, but this disposition is one which it would be easy to exaggerate.

Those who argue that the enemy's morale is steadily declining make much of the mention in German communiques of the employment of shock troops in the various counter-offensives that have been launched. The inference drawn from this is that the ordinary rank and file no longer possesses the stamina for violent fighting of this character, and that picked troops have to be employed. For this the moral is deduced that the German Army is now divided up into two categories—shock or picked troops and troops of a secondary or inferior type.

Whether we are quite justified in assuming this is somewhat doubtful. In the British Army, where particular regiments, and especially the Scottish regiments, are pointed out as being always in the hottest as soon as we may.

former, we do not call these men shock troops.

The Mesopotamia Report.

Public opinion throughout the country has been deeply and justly stirred by the findings of the Mesopotamia Commission, whose Report constitutes, by general consent, one of the most melancholy and humiliating documents ever published. They are shocking disclosures, and a flood of light is thrown on the incompetence, and worse, of a crowd of highly placed officials and so-called statesmen.

It is no answer and no defence to say that the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief in India, the Secretary of State, and the War Committee of the Coalition Cabinet in Downing Street, were led by their subordinates. It is the duty of these men to see that their subordinates are competent an trustworthy. If they are not competent an trustworthy, they are themselves to blame.

We are told that the "confident optimism" of Sir John Nixon deceived the authorities at home. Possibly it did. But reading between the lines of the Report it impossible to resist the conclusion that t politicians at Westminster were like drowning men catching at straws. Things were going badly at Gallipoli. The Government, as is explained in one telegram which is published, was "in great need of a striking success in the East." Why? Presumably because the politicians feared the public. The old watchword of "trust in the people" finds no place now in our political vocabulary. It has been censored out of existence.

Nobody's Child.

This Blue Book will remain an outstanding monument to the danger of allowing military considerations to be outweighed by what are regarded as political needs. When this is done we step almost invariably from one disaster to another.

It is impossible to believe that the authorities in London and at Simla had not some dim inkling at least of the perils they were running.

What the transport facilities were is sufficiently indicated by the scandalous breakdown of the arrangements for evacuating the wounded. One benefit, and one benefit only, do we seem to have derived from all this bungling.

The expedition, in the first instance, was nobody's child. It was small in numbers and ill-equipped for the purpose it had in hand. We have at least learned by experience. The Expeditionary Force now established at Bagdad is worthy at least of the Empire that sent it there.

But even General Townshend's army fought magnificently, and we get an inkling of what our men suffered at Kut. Colonel Hehir says:—

During the last month of the siege men at fatigues, such as trench-digging, after ten minutes' hard work had to rest a while and go at it again; men on sentry-go would drop down, those carrying loads would rest every few hundred yards; men availed themselves of every opportunity of lolling about or lying down. There were instances of Indians returning from trench duty in the evening seemingly with nothing the matter who laid down and were found dead in the morning—death due to starvation asthenia. Men in such a low state of vitality can stand little in the shape of illness—an attack of diarrhœa that they would have got rid of in a day or two at the beginning of the siege often ended fatally. All recuperative power had gone. At the end of the siege I doubt whether there was a single person equal to a five mile march, carrying his equipment. Personally, up to the middle of March I could make a complete inspection of the front-line trenches and fort (about five miles) in the morning. I had then to halve it, and at the end of April, while doing even half I had to rest on the way. Practically all officers were in the same condition of physical incapacity."

General Townshend.

General Townshend, who had to bear the brunt of all this is the one man whose military reputation stands out untarnished in the Report. Mr Chamberlain wired instructions to stop the further advance of General Nixon's force, but two or three days later he seems to have allowed himself to be overruled by the Cabinet.

Even the fact that heavy Turkish reinforcements were being brought up does not seem to have been communicated to General Townshend. News of the enemy's intentions were sent to the Viceroy in the form of a private telegram, and because it was a private telegram no one was officially cognisant of it. It was shown to the Commander-in-Chief in India, but not officially.

The efforts to relieve Kut appear to have been badly handled by the officer in command, but errors of judgment seem small and excusable compared with the revelations of administrative chaos contained in the Report. Sir John Nixon's optimism can only be characterised as amazing in the light of the information now available.

There is always a suspicion that Ministers are apt to get advice and counsel from their subordinates think they would like to receive. But Sir Beauchamp Duff, at least, ought to have known what the position really was. If he did not know he was incompetent and not fitted to occupy the position he held.

If he had been a strong man, or if Lord Hardinge had been a strong man, one or the other would have seen to it that the Government at home was warned of the dangers they were incurring. But such warnings as they gave were halting and hesitating.

It is a deplorable story. Let us forget it as soon as we may.

BEGIN TO-DAY—Remarkable Up-to-Date Tale of the Secret Service.

THE GIRL FROM NEW YORK

A Tale of the Secret Service: By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is one of a small party at Henry's, a fashionable London restaurant, in company with

Captain Richard Holderness, a wounded cavalry officer;

Molly Holderness, his sister; and

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman. Lunch is delayed pending the arrival of

Captain Graham, a friend of Molly Holderness. Graham presently arrives full of apologies. In loud, excited tones he explains that he has just perfected a powerful new explosive, and has got the formula in his pocket-book. He has motored straight up from Salisbury Plain, where he was experimenting, and must get a wash before sitting down to lunch. Lutchester volunteers to show him where to go, and together the two men spring up the stairs towards the dressing-room.

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire of German origin, had engaged in conversation with Pamela, and later it transpires that they are both returning to New York shortly.

Baron Sunyea, who formerly was in the Japanese Embassy at Washington, hints that the news which Captain Graham has told so loudly would be of great importance to Germany.

Captain Graham, whom Lutchester has left in the dressing-room washing his hands, fails to rejoin the party, and after a search it is discovered that he has mysteriously disappeared.

Pamela, when the luncheon party breaks up, returns to the restaurant and interviews

Ferrani, the manager. He gives her the addresses of

Joseph, the head musician, and

Hassan, the coffee-maker.

Driving to Hassan's lodgings, Pamela threatens to disclose certain facts concerning his past unless he gives her information regarding the secret way to the wine cellars under Henry's restaurant, where she suspects Graham is a prisoner. Successful in this, she next proceeds to Joseph's, the musician, and from him she demands the key of the chapel in the little plot of waste ground next Henry's. If he refuses she threatens to go to Scotland Yard and inform them that he is in the pay of the Secret Service of Germany.

NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER III. (Continued).

JOSEPH looked at Pamela wickedly.

"You'd have to get out of here first."

"Don't be silly," she advised him contemptuously. "Remember you're talking to an American woman, and don't waste your breath. You can be in the Secret Service of any country you like, without interference from me. On the other hand, there's just one thing I want from you."

"What is it? I haven't got any key."

"I want to discover exactly what has become of Captain Graham," she declared.

"What, the guy that missed his lunch today?" he growled.

"I see you know all about it," she continued equably.

"So he's your spark, is he?" Joseph observed slowly, his eyes blinking as he leaned a little forward.

"On the contrary," Pamela replied, "I have never met him. However, that's beside the point. Do I have the key of that chapel?"

"You do not."

"Have you got it?"

"Right here," Joseph assented, dangling it before her eyes.

"I think it's a fair bargain I'm offering you," she reminded him. "You lose the key and keep your place. You only have to keep your mouth shut and nothing happens."

"Nothing doing," the negro declared shortly. "Keys as important as this ain't lost. If I part with it I get the chuck, and I probably get into the same mess as the others. If I keep it——"

"If you keep it," Pamela interrupted, "you will probably stand with your back to the light in the Tower within the next few days. They've left off being lenient with spies over here."

He looked at her, and there were things in his eyes which few women in the world could have seen without terror. Pamela's lips only came a little closer together. She pressed the inside of the ring upon her third finger, and a ray of green fire seemed to shoot forward.

"I guess I'm up against it," he growled, taking a step forward. "I'll have something of what's coming to me if I swing for it."

His arm was suddenly around her, his face hideously close. He gave a little snarl as he felt the pinprick through his shirt sleeve. Then he went spinning round and round with his hand to his head.

"What in God's name!" he spluttered. "What in hell——!"

He reeled against the horsehair easy-chair and slipped to the floor. Pamela calmly closed her ring, stooped over him, withdrew the key from his pocket, crossed the room and the dingy little hall with swift footsteps, and, without waiting for the lift, fled down the stone steps.

"Back to the hotel, George," she directed the chauffeur. "Don't stop if they call to you from the flats."

CHAPTER IV.

The last of the supper guests had left Henry's Restaurant. The commissionaire's whistle was silent. The light laughter and frivolous adieux of the departing guests seemed to have melted away into a world somewhere beyond the pale of the unseasonable fog. The little strip of waste ground adjoining was wrapt in gloom and silence. The exterior of the bare and deserted chapel, long since unconsecrate, was dull and lifeless. Inside, however, began the march of strange things. First of all, the pinprick of light of a tiny electric torch seemed as though it had risen from the floor, and Hassan, pushing back a trap-door, stepped into the bare, dusty conventicle. He listened for a moment, then made a tour of the windows, touched a spring in the wall, and drew down long, thick blinds. Afterwards he passed between the row of dilapidated benches and paused at the entrance door. He stooped down, examined the keyless lock, shook it gently, gazed upwards and downwards as though in vain search of bolts that were never there. His white teeth gleamed for a moment in the darkness. He turned away with a little shiver.

"Not my fault," he muttered to himself. "Not my fault."

He listened for a moment intently, as though for footsteps outside. The disturbance, however, came from the other end of the building. There was a sharp knocking from the trap-door by which he had ascended. He touched an electric knob. The place was dimly yet sufficiently illuminated. He hastened towards the further end of the place, and pulled up the trap-door. A melancholy-looking, little procession slowly emerged. First of all came Joseph, stepping backwards, supporting the head and shoulders of Graham, still bound and gagged. After him came a dark, swarthy-faced wine waiter, who supported Graham's feet. Behind followed Fischer, carrying his silk hat and cane in his hand. He paused for a moment as he stepped on the floor of the chapel, and brushed the dust from his trousers.

"You can take out the gag now," he ordered the two men. "There isn't much shout in him."

They laid him upon a couch, and Joseph obeyed the order. Graham's head swung helplessly on one side. His eyes opened, however, and he struggled for consciousness. His lips twitched for a moment.

"What—where am I? What do you want with me?"

Fischer laid his hat and stick upon a table, on which also stood a telephone instrument.

"The formula, my young friend," he replied, "for that wonderful explosive of which you spoke in the lobby."

A sudden accession of nervous strength brought something almost like passion into the young man's reply.

"I'll see you damned first!"

Fischer smiled. The man was good-looking, in his way, but this was a pale and ugly smile.

"My request was merely a matter of courtesy," he remarked. "The difficulty of searching you is not formidable. It would have been undertaken long ago but for the fact that the restaurant has been crowded and gags sometimes slip. Besides, there was no hurry. Observe!"

He leaned over Graham, who for the first time struggled furiously but ineffectually with his bonds. His fingers all the time were straining towards the inside pocket of his coat. Fischer nodded understandingly.

"Allow me to anticipate you," he said.

With a quick thrust he drew a little handful of papers from the pocket of his captive. One by one he glanced them through and flung them on to the floor. As he came towards the end of his search, however, his expression of confident complacency vanished. His lips shrivelled up a little, his eyes narrowed.

"Where is the formula?" Fischer asked fiercely.

There was no reply. Sandy Graham was still staring at the little pile of papers upon the floor. Fischer made a brief examination of the other pockets. Then he stepped back. His voice shook, his face was dark and malevolent.

"Joseph, Hassan, Jules—listen to me!" he ordered. "Did anyone else enter the musicians' room whilst he was lying in the alcove?"

"Impossible!" Jules declared.

"The door was locked," Hassan murmured.

"Stop!" Joseph exclaimed.

Fischer wheeled round upon him.

"Well?" he exclaimed. "Get on, then. Who?"

Joseph moistened his lips. He was still feeling sore and dizzy, but he began to see his way.

"You noticed, perhaps," he said, "the American girl—the beautiful young lady with this guy's friends? She was waiting with the others for Captain Graham to come down. I saw her go up the stairs. I saw her come down again, three minutes later."

"Miss Van Teyl?" Fischer exclaimed with a frown. "You're mad, Joseph!"

The negro laughed grimly.

"Am I!" he retorted. "I tell you this, Master Fischer. She was in Berlin where I was, and she was at the Embassy every day. She was asked to leave there. They put her over the frontier into Holland. I knew her when she came into the restaurant. She's no society young lady, she ain't. Bet you she was on to the goods."

Fischer hesitated for a moment. The thoughts were chasing one another through his brain. Then he took up the receiver from the telephone instrument which stood upon the table.

"1560 Mayfair," he asked in a low tone.

They all stood listening, grouped around Graham's writhing figure.

"Hullo! Is that Claridge's Hotel?" Fischer went on. "I am speaking from Ciro's. Put me through, if you please, to Miss Van Teyl's apartments. . . What? Repeat that, will you? . . . Thank you."

Fischer laid down the receiver. He turned towards the others. He was breathing a little quickly, and his eyes glittered behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Miss Van Teyl," he announced, "has left for Tilbury. She is going out on the Lapland this morning. My God, she's got the formula."

There was a moment's silence. Joseph was standing by with a wicked look on his face.

"I saw her slip away," he muttered, "and I watched her come down again. There was just time."

Fischer turned suddenly to where Graham was lying. He drew a sheet of writing paper from the rack upon the table, and a pencil from his pocket. There was an evil and concentrated significance in his tone.

"That formula," he said, "can be written again. I think you had better write it."

"I'll see you damned first!" was the weak but prompt reply.

Fischer bent a little lower over the prostrate figure. "Look here," he went on, "we don't run risks like this for nothing. You're better dead than alive, so far as we are concerned, anyway. We'd planned to take the formula from you, and you can guess the rest. There are cellars underneath here into which no one ever goes who matters. Now here's a chance of life for you. Write down that formula—truthfully, mind—and we'll discuss the matter of taking your parole."

"See you damned first!" Graham repeated, his voice a little more tremulous but still convincing.

Fischer stood upright and turned to Jules. "Get a bottle of brandy and a glass," he ordered.

The man pushed open the trap-door and disappeared. He came back again in a few moments, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. Fischer poured out some of the cordial and drew a small table up to Graham's side.

"There," he said, loosening the cord around his left wrist, "drink that, and think it over. We shall be gone for about ten minutes. If you change your mind before, ring that little hand-bell. If you have not changed your mind when we return, it will be the cellars."

"Beasts!" Graham muttered.

Fischer shrugged his shoulders. For a moment he had straightened himself. His face had softened, but it was in tune with his thoughts.

"I would twist the necks of a million fools like you," he said, "for the sake of——"

He paused, leaving his sentence uncompleted, and beckoned to the other men. They followed him through the trap-door and down into the cellars below. The place was once more silent. Graham rolled from side to side, drew a long breath, and tugged vainly at his bonds. The effort overtaxed his strength. He seemed to feel the darkness closing in upon him, the rushing of the sea in his ears. . .

CHAPTER V.

So far as Sandy Graham was concerned, his unconsciousness might have lasted an hour or a day. As a matter of fact, it was scarcely a minute after the disappearance of Fischer and his confederates when he was conscious of a rush of cold air in the place, and beheld the vision of a tiny flash of light at the lower end of the gloomy building. Immediately afterwards he heard the soft closing of a door and beheld a tall, shadowy figure slowly approaching. He lay quite still and looked at it, and his heart began to beat with hope. One of the lights had been left burning, and there was something in the bearing and attitude of the man who finally came to a standstill by his side, which was entirely reassuring.

"Lutchester!" he faltered. "My God, how did you get here?"

"Offices of a young lady," Lutchester observed, producing a knife from his pocket. "Allow me!"

He cut the cords which still secured Graham's limbs. Then he looked around him.

"How did they bring you here?" he whispered. "I suppose there is a passage from the restaurant?"

"Up through a trap-door there," Graham explained, pointing.

Lutchester stood over it and listened intently. Then he turned around, lifted the glass of brandy from the table, smelt it approvingly and tasted it.

"Excellent!" he pronounced. "The 1840. Allow me!"

He refilled the glass and handed it to Sandy, who gulped down the contents. The effect was almost instantaneous. In less than a minute he had staggered to his feet.

"Feel strong enough to walk about fifty yards?" Lutchester inquired.

"I'd walk to hell to get out of this place!" was the prompt reply.

Lutchester took his arm, and they passed down the dusty aisle between the worm-eaten and decaying benches and through the outside door, which Lutchester closed and locked behind him. The rush of cold air was like new life to Graham.

"I can walk all right now," he muttered. "My God, we'll give these fellows hell for this!"

They made their very difficult way across a plot of ground from which a row of dilapidated cottages had been razed to the ground. The fog still hung around them and seemed to bring with it a curious silence, although the dying traffic from one of the main thoroughfares reached them in muffled notes. Lutchester climbed to the top of a pile of rubbish, and then, turning round, held out his hand.

"Up here," he directed.

Graham struggled up until he stood by his companion's side. The latter stood quite still, listening for a moment. Then he climbed a little higher and swung around, holding out his hand once more.

"I'm on the top of the wall," he said.

"Come on."

Graham's knees were shaking, but with Lutchester's help he staggered up and reached his side. On the pavement below a man in chauffeur's livery was standing, holding out his hands, and by the side of the curbstone a closed car was waiting. Somehow or other the two reached the pavement. Lutchester almost pushed his companion into the limousine and stepped in after him. The chauffeur sprang to his seat, and the car glided off. Graham just realised that there was a woman by his side whose face was vaguely familiar. Then the waves broke in upon his ears once more.

"I was right, then, it seems," Pamela observed approvingly. "You were just the man for this little affair."

Lutchester sighed.

"Unfortunately," he confessed, "a messenger boy would have been as effective. I stumbled over to the chapel—rubber shoes, you observe," he remarked, pointing downwards—"and soon discovered that blinds had been let down all round, and that there were people inside. There was just a faint chink in one, and I caught a glimpse of several men, your friend Oscar amongst them. Having," he went on, "an immense regard for my personal safety, I was hesitating what means to adopt when the lights were lowered, and it seemed to me that the men were disappearing."

"Do go on," Pamela murmured. "This is most exciting."

"In a sense it was disappointing," Lutchester complained. "I had pictured for myself a dramatic entrance. . . a quiet turning of the key, a soft approach—owing to my shoes," he reminded her—"a cough, perhaps, or a breath. . discovery, me with a revolver in my hand pointed to the arch-villain—'If you stir you're a dead man!' . . Natural collapse of the villain. With my left hand I slash the bonds which hold Graham, with my right I cover the miscreants."

"But it didn't happen," she protested.

"Ah! I forgot that," he acknowledged. "Still, I was prepared. I had the revolver all right."

Pamela smiled upon him in congratulatory fashion.

"On the whole," she said, "I am quite glad that I telephoned to you."

"You showed a sound discretion," he admitted.

"If he had not been lame," she confessed, "I should have sent to Captain Holderness."

"That would have been a great mistake," Lutchester assured her. "Holderness is a good fellow but devoid of imagination."

"Yet I must confess," Pamela persisted, with a frankness unaccountable even to herself, "that if I could have thought of anyone else I should never have telephoned to you."

"And why not?"

"Because I should not have classified you as being of the adventurous type," she declared.

Lutchester looked injured.

"After all," he protested, "that is not my fault. That is due to your singular lack of perception. However, I am able to return the compliment. I, for my part, should have thought you were much more interested in the fashions than in paying exceedingly rash visits to degenerate Orientals and negroes."

"Perhaps some day," she remarked, "we may understand one another better."

He met her gaze with a certain seriousness.

"I hope that we may," he said.

For some reason they were both silent for a moment. Her tone had changed a little when she spoke again.

"You are sure," she asked, "that you do not mind my leaving the rest of this affair in your hands? There are reasons, which I cannot tell you of just now, which make me anxious not to appear in it at all."

"I accept the charge as a privilege," he assented. "We are within a few yards of my rooms now. I promise you that I will look after Captain Graham and advise him as to the proper course for him to pursue."

The car came to a standstill.

"This, then," she said, holding out her hand, "will be good-bye for the present."

He held her fingers for a moment without reply. Quite suddenly she decided that she liked him. Then he lifted Graham, who was half-asleep, half-unconscious, to his feet, and assisted him from the car.

CHAPTER VI.

It was about half an hour later when Sandy Graham opened his eyes and began to feel the life once more warm in his . . He was seated in the most comfortable . . chair of John Lutchester's bachelor . . room. By his side was a coffee . . and a decanter of brandy. Lutchester, who had been seated at the writing . . swung round in his chair at the sound . . guest's movement.

"Feeling better, eh?" he asked.

"I am all right now," was the . . shaky reply.

"How's your memory?"

"Hazy. Let me see. . . . My . . I've been robbed, haven't I?"

"So I imagine," Lutchester . . "You rather asked for it, didn't you?"

Graham moved uneasily in his . . "I suppose I did in a way," he . . "but at Henry's—why, I've always . . upon the place as a club more than anything else."

"I'm afraid that I can't agree with you there," Lutchester observed. "I should consider Henry's a remarkably cosmopolitan restaurant, where a man in your position should exercise more than even ordinary restraint."

"I suppose I was wrong," Graham muttered, "but I had been working for about ten hours on end, and then rushed up to London in the car to try and keep my appointment with Holderness."

"Stop anywhere on the way?"

"We had a few drinks," Graham confessed. "I was so done up. Perhaps I had more than I meant to. However, it's no use bothering about that now. I've been robbed, and that's all there is about it. Could we get on to Scotland Yard from here?"

"We could, but I don't think we will," Lutchester replied.

Graham was puzzled.

"Why not?" he demanded. "That formula was the most wonderful thing that has ever been put together, and the whole thing's so simple. I've been afraid every second that someone else might stumble upon it."

"It is without doubt a great loss," Lutchester admitted. "All the same, I don't fancy that it's a Scotland Yard business exactly. Have you any idea who robbed you?"

Graham paused to think.

"It's coming back to me," he muttered. "I remember that beastly barn of a chapel. There were Jules, and that musician fellow, and the big American. He emptied my pockets. . . Why, of course, I remember how angry he was. . My pocket-book was gone! They left me alone to write out the formula again, and then you came. . How on earth did you tumble on to my being there, Lutchester?"

"It was Miss Pamela Van Teyl whom you must thank," Lutchester told him, "not me. It seems she knew more about Henry's than any of us. She'd come up against some of the crew in Berlin, and she guessed they were holding you for that formula. She got the key out of one of those men, and then telephoned to me for my help."

"And I never even thanked her," Graham murmured weakly.

There was a moment's silence.

"My pocket-book had gone when they searched me," the recovering man muttered.

"Are you sure that you had it with you when you came into Henry's?" Lutchester inquired.

"Absolutely certain."

"Do you think you can remember now what happened when you went upstairs?"

"I reached the lavatory all right—you were with me then, weren't you?" Graham said reflectively. "I hung up my coat while I washed, but there was no one else in the room. Then you went downstairs, and I brushed my hair and just stopped to light a cigarette. You know that on the right-hand side of the landing there is a room where the musicians change. Joseph, that black devil, was standing in the doorway. He grinned as I came into sight. 'Lady wants to speak to you for a moment, Captain Graham,' he said. Well, you know how harmless the fellow looks—just a good-natured, smiling nigger. I never dreamed of anything wrong. As a matter of fact, I thought that Peggy Vincent—that's a young lady I often go to Henry's with—wanted to have a word with me before I joined our party. I stepped inside the room, and that's just about all I can remember. It must have been jolly quick. His arm shot round my neck, the door was closed, and that other brute—Hassan, I think it was—held something over my face."

"But that room was searched," Lutchester reminded him.

"When I came to just a little," Graham explained, "I found that I was in a sort of cupboard place, behind the lockers these fellows have for their clothes. It opens with a spring lock, and you'd never notice it searching the room."

"Who was the first person you saw when you recovered consciousness?"

Graham's forehead was wrinkled in the effort to remember.

"I can't quite get hold of it," he confessed, "but I have a sort of fancy I can't altogether get rid of that there was a woman about."

Lutchester looked at the end of the cigarette he had just lit.

"A woman?" he repeated. "That's queer."

"I can't remember anything definitely until I woke up in that chapel," Graham continued, "but when they searched me and found that the pocket-book had gone Fischer, the big American, muttered some woman's name. I was queer just at the moment, but it sounded very much to me like Miss Van Teyl's. He rang her up on the telephone."

Has the American girl obtained possession of the missing formula? You will find the answer in next week's instalment.

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

Mrs Claude Allan of Cardross.

Lafayette.

In every county in Scotland the work of tending the wounded is being heroically performed by an army of ladies. Among those who have taken a prominent part in the work of administration is Mrs Claude Allan, one of the vice-presidents of the Dumbartonshire Branch. For many months now she has been actively engaged working out the details of organisation in connection with hospital work in various parts of the country. Mrs Allan's husband is well known in shipping circles in Glasgow, and their residence is in Cardross.

Gallant Aberdeen Canadian.

Lieutenant Robertson Grierson Combe, on whom the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross has been conferred for remarkable bravery, left his native city of Aberdeen eight or nine years ago to push his fortune in Saskatchewan. In Aberdeen, where he served his apprenticeship as a chemist, the lieutenant was known as a quiet man, and quite naturally his winning of a V.C. has created a very pleasant surprise. But the war has brought many changes, and the son of the former proprietor of the city's Central Hotel is now a hero of heroes, of whom the Canadian Infantry Battalion, as well as Aberdonians, may well be proud.

The Duchess of Hamilton and the Red Cross.

Lafayette.

Although the Duchess of Hamilton has not been prominently before the public, so far as war agencies are concerned, she has always displayed a deep interest in the work of the Red Cross. As county president of the Lanarkshire branch she has been untiring in her efforts to add to the financial and material equipment of the organisation, which has its local headquarters at the Palace. The Duke and Duchess, who are greatly bound up with their happy family of eight little people, are not often in residence at Hamilton Palace. They prefer rather the seclusion of Dungavel House, a beautiful seat nestling among the Lanarkshire hills.

Railway Heroes.

The railway service in the North-East of Scotland has furnished another two war medallists within the last week. Lieutenant James Bliss, a native of Forres, and now of Seaforth Highlanders, who has been awarded the Military Cross, was well-known in Aberdeen before the war, in the service of the East Coast Railway Companies, as a smart young man who thoroughly knew his duties, and Corporal W. A. Pullar, of the same regiment, who has gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal, was employed as a clerk in the Highland Railway offices at Inverness. On the field of battle, and also at home in conducting important traffic, the railwaymen are doing well.

Mrs Cuninghame of Craigends.

Lafayette.

Mrs Cuninghame of Craigends performed the opening ceremony at a successful garden fete in aid of the Red Cross yesterday. The function took place at Glentyan, Kilbarchan, the residence of Mr Richard R. Hunter, and was attended by the most representative people in Renfrewshire. Since the outbreak of hostilities Mrs Cuninghame has devoted much of her time to the administration of war agencies. Being a granddaughter of Commander Hugh Pearson, she has a warm side to the navy, and is greatly interested in the welfare of the bluejackets.

Lord Hamilton's Birthday.

Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, K.T., C.V.O., celebrates his forty-fifth birthday on service, having been born on 29th June, 1872. It was while serving with the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African campaign that his Lordship became the second Baron of Dalzell. Lord Hamilton comes of the martial families of Leven and Melville. His great-grandfather, General Sir John Hamilton, fought with the Scots Greys at Waterloo. Dalzell, his Lordship's ancestral home, is at present being utilised as a Red Cross hospital. It is one of the most beautifully-situated mansion-houses in Scotland, and has been visited by Royalty on several occasions, the late King Edward and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught having spent a few days at Dalzell. His Lordship has on two occasions been mentioned in despatches in the present campaign, and was recently awarded the Military Cross. Lord Hamilton is a captain in the Scots Guards, and is at present attached to Headquarters Staff as assistant military secretary.

Scottish Sheriff's Appointment.

Mr William Dunbar, who has been appointed Sheriff-Substitute at Stornoway, is a son of the Rev. J. W. Dunbar, Edinburgh, and was born in 1877. He was dux of George Watson's College in 1894, and obtained numerous academic distinctions during his brilliant career at Edinburgh and Oxford Universities. While taking up the study of law at Edinburgh Mr Dunbar acted as assistant to Professor Butcher in the Greek class. He was called to the Bar in 1904, and a few years afterwards acted as lecturer in Civil Law at Glasgow University, while continuing his practice at the Bar. In 1910 and 1911 he acted as secretary of an Inter-Departmental Committee

For the Front.

Work among the troops in France will be greatly enjoyed by the Rev. J. Wilson Fulton, M.A., the minister of Candlish Memorial U.F. Church, who came to Glasgow by way of one of the big English centres. The flower of his large working-class congregation, I may say, is fighting for the Empire. Candlish is in every respect a live kirk. By means of a correspondence guild every soldier and sailor belonging to the church is constantly kept in touch with home. Mr Fulton is a man with a message for the time, who, with the co-operation of his office-bearers, has made the congregation one of the homeliest in Glasgow.

A Personal Friend of the Premier.

Of the Scottish members of Parliament who accompanied the Premier on his visit to Scotland none is prouder of Glasgow than Mr J. W. Pratt, for some time a Magistrate of the city with a reputation for municipal administration. He earned his spurs at the Round Toll in the work of the Students' Settlement, where he was long a familiar figure. "J. W." was one of the best speakers in the Town Council, and in his public life manifested a pushfulness that apparently has stood him in good stead at Westminster.

Captain and Mrs Henderson.

Politicians of all shades in the Tradeston Division of Glasgow, read with interest the announcement of the promotion to a captaincy of Mr V. L. Henderson, prospective Unionist candidate for the constituency. Captain Henderson has seen a lot of hard fighting since the early days of the war, and his regiment, the Loyal North Lancashires, have been in some of the hottest tussles on the western front. It was in one of these, at Bixschoote, when the Germans were trying to break through to Calais, that Captain Henderson (then a lieutenant) was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and ability in a most critical moment. His wife, whose photograph we reproduce, is a lady of winning personality who can be depended upon to further her husband's cause among the free and enlightened.

Knighthood for Aberdeenshire M.P.

Sir Henry Cowan, M.P. for East Aberdeenshire, whose recent advancement to Knighthood was received with satisfaction in the constituency, even among many who formerly differed from him in regard to political and insurance matters, is one of the most travelled members in the House. He has been in many distant countries, and thinks little of undertaking a tour, no matter how much out of the way the destination may be. As one of the recent Parliamentary delegation to Italy he formed the conviction that that country is entirely loyal to the Entente, and will do its full share towards bringing about a common victory. The last time I met him down in Buchan he was very keenly interested in the extension of Fraserburgh Harbour.

From One Stripe to Three Stars.

A notable instance of rapid promotion during the war is afforded by the case of a Rothesay officer, Captain Archibald Reid, R.F.A., whose elevation to his latest rank was announced a few days ago. Captain Reid in civil life is a member of Rothesay Post Office staff, and he joined up on 10th August, 1914, as a bombardier in the Bute Mountain Battery R.G.A. (T.F.). He was successively promoted corporal and sergeant, then granted a commission as second-lieutenant for distinguished gallantry in the field. Last autumn he was transferred to a R.F.A. battery, in which specially daring and successful observation work has resulted in his being now gazetted to three-star rank.

A Galston Maid of All Work.

Lafayette.

Red Cross agencies have been highly developed throughout Ayrshire, and the administration is being carried on by a great force of ladies. The Galston division is one of the most aggressive in the county, and its success has been largely due to the initiative and zeal of Miss Hastings, its vice-president. In Galston her name is a household word, and since the fateful days of 1914 she has devoted all her energy to make the divisional agency as efficient as possible.

Well Done, Aberdeen.

Congratulations to Captain E. Y. Curran, R.F.A., on being awarded the Military Cross for distinguished services. He went to France with the original Expeditionary Force, and received a commission for good work in Belgium, while lately he has most efficiently helped to train the new armies at home.

Sergt. Stewart, another gallant artillery-man of the same brigade, received the Military Medal for conspicuous bravery in action on May 30.

Big Prices for Pictures.

An average sum of nearly 500 guineas was realised by the sale of Mr Wm. M'Taggart's five paintings in Glasgow recently. The pictures were sold by auction, and the highest price was obtained for "Bait-Gatherers," a canvas 36 by 24, which brought in 700 guineas. "Wives and Mithers Maist Despairin'" received 525 guineas; "Coast Scene with Figures," a water colour, 190 guineas; and "Going to Sea" 47½ guineas. Sam Bough's "Lindisfarne" was sold for 300 guineas; Anton Mauve's water-colour, "Wood-Cutters," for 300 guineas, and Hugh Cameron's "Stray Kitten" for 135 guineas. The pictures belonged to the estate of the late Mr Charles Lodder, Largs.

Gallant Brothers Receive Military Cross.

Much satisfaction has been felt by their many friends at the honour conferred on Captain Frederick W. Stephen, R.E., and Captain D. F. S. Stephen, M.D., sons of Mr and Mrs Alexander Stephen, Ashgrove, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire. Dr Stephen won his Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in attending the wounded under heavy shell fire, while his brother received his decoration for splendid services rendered while with the Egyptian forces.

Footballer's Honour.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Robert J. Cameron, Cameron Highlanders, has been awarded the Military Medal for distinguished conduct on the field. He is a son of Mrs Cameron, Brae Cottage, Hopeman, Elgin, and was for some time in the Caledonian Bank, Elgin. He was a well-known football player, having played for the Elgin City F.C.

A Nightingale Worker.

Lafayette.

Throughout the county of Dunbarton there is not a more enthusiastic War worker than Mrs T. Ripley Kerr of Dougiaston. In the piping days of peace she was devoted to sick nursing, and it is therefore not surprising to find her working strenuously on behalf of the British Red Cross. By means of a garden fete at her picturesque mansion a sum of £1156 will be devoted to this Nightingale institution. In the progressive little burgh of Milngavie she has been taking a personal interest in the dependents of soldiers and sailors.

Ferryden Men's Successes.

Messrs Charles Paton and James Findlay, Ferryden, both of whom have been interned since the fall of Antwerp, have been successful in passing the Board of Trade examination held at Groningen, the former as master in the home trade and the latter as first mate on foreign-going steamships. Mr Findlay after taking his second mate's certificate last year was selected to instruct the younger members, and in this he gave excellent results.

A Distinguished Edinburgh Surgeon.

I hear the eminent Edinburgh surgeon, Professor F. M. Caird, M.B., who is now doing splendid work "somewhere in France" with the rank of Colonel in the Army Medical Service, will probably return to the capital for a short vacation in the autumn. Colonel Caird is a leading office-bearer of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, and is well known in medical circles in Scotland as a writer on clinical subjects, as surgeon to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and as a lecturer in Edinburgh University. He has been abroad for nearly a year.

Arbroath Pupil's Remarkable Record.

Miss Gertrude Smith Beattie, who is just completing her education at the Arbroath High School, has the enviable record of ten years' perfect attendance at day schools. This diligent pupil, who has enjoyed the best of health since her childhood, is the daughter of Mr William Beattie, baker, 19 John Street, Arbroath. For the first seven years of her schooldays she attended Abbey Public School, where she was successful every year in getting a place on the prize-list, and at the conclusion of her sixth session she was awarded a special prize for her regular attendance. On completing her seventh year she applied for and was given a scholarship for the High School of the Arbroath Secondary Education Committee, and as a bursar at the High School she continued her regular attendance, never missing a single mark.

A Charming Hostess.

Lafayette.

Mrs Harry Younger has always been an admirable hostess and a quiet worker on behalf of numerous charities. Since the outbreak of hostilities she has been successful in organising schemes for the entertainment of the wounded, and on Tuesday first the grounds of her mansion at Benmore will be the scene of a garden party in aid of the Red Cross. Her husband, Mr Harry Younger, is one of the principals of the great firm of brewers, and as popular in commercial circles as Sir George is in the House of Commons.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

Miss Elsie Southgate, the famous violinist, at the King's Dundee.

Miss Nellie Turner, in "Zig-Zag," at the Edinburgh Empire.

The Two Bobs, at the Glasgow Empire.

Miss Evie Greene, the popular musical comedy artiste, at the Glasgow Empire.

Miss Elsie Prince, the clever juvenile entertainer, at the Glasgow Empire.

COLISEUM.
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
THIS WEEK.
The Great Scotch Musical Comedy Revue,
"BACHLES."
The Cast includes
LINDSAY AND HARTE.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
Phones: South 250; Central 1501.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
THE TWO BOBS. | Miss EVIE GREENE.
HAYMAN & FRANKLIN. LITTLE ELSIE PRINCE. DICK TURB. | GASTON MOREL. ERMEY & REY. 3 MERRILLS 3.
MATINEE TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
Phone 3731 Douglas.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 2d, 3d, 4th July.
ORRIN JOHNSON in
THE THREE MUSKETEERS,
A Drama of Chivalry and Daring.
THE NICK OF TIME BABY,
Two-Part Triangle Keystone Comedy.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 5th, 6th, 7th July.
GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE.
Two-Part Famous Players Drama.
Mr and Mrs SIDNEY DREW in
"LOCKED OUT,"
Latest Metro Drew Comedy.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, 7 and 9.
MONDAY, July 2, 1917.
WATERS & MORRIS,
American Novelty Entertainers, in "Father & Son"
FREDERIC CULPITT, the Mirthful Magician.
FRANK FOSTER,
Late Principal Tenor, Carl Rosa Opera Co.
ELSIE SOUTHGATE,
The Renowned Violiniste.
And FULL VARIETY COMPANY.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. Phone 1830.

LA SCALA.
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,
July 2d, 3d, 4th.
H. B. IRVING in
THE LYONS MAIL.
THURSDAY, FRID. Y, SATURDAY,
July 5th, 6th, 7th.
NOR'L. TALMADGE in
THE WOMAN WHO WON.

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Continuous, 2.30 to 10.30.
Week Commencing 2d July, 1917.
Showing MON., TUES., and WED.
"HE WHO ACCUSETH."
A Sensational Tiber Film, in 4 Reels.
Also, "THE HEIRESS."
A Circus Romance, in 3 Reels.
Showing THUR., FRI., and SAT.
"THE FLASH OF AN EMERALD,"
Apex Film, in 4 Reels.
Also, "THE GREAT QUESTION."
A Sociological Drama of the Hour, in 3 Reels.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., and WED.
LIONEL BARRYMORE in
"THE UPHEAVAL."
Also, "THE FANATIC."
THURS., FRI., and SAT.
"THE FOUR FEATHERS"
From the Famous Novel by E. W. Mason.
Also, "THE SHIELDING SHADOW" (Episode 4).

Clyde Seamen Honoured.

On the recommendation of the President of the Board of Trade, His Majesty the King has conferred the Silver Medal on Martin Purcell and John Phillips, seamen of the ship Clackmannanshire, of Glasgow, in recognition of their services in saving life at sea. These two gallant Clyde seamen rescued the carpenter of their ship, who was washed overboard in the North Atlantic Ocean on the 25th January last.

Invalided Home.

Colonel Sir Ian Colquhoun, Bart., D.S.O., has been invalided home, and is likely to spend some time at the family seat at Luss, Loch Lomond. When war broke out Sir Ian was a subaltern in the Scots Guards. He has seen much service, has been mentioned in despatches on several occasions, and gained the D.S.O. during the present campaign. Recently, I think, he was appointed to command a battalion of Leicester Territorials. Sir Ian's wife is a daughter of Mr F. J. Tennant, and therefore a niece of Mrs Asquith.

A Son of "Phiz" and His Scottish Connection.

Edinburgh will share in the regret caused by the death at West Kirby of Mr Edgar Athelstane Browne, eldest son of Hablot Knight Browne ("Phiz"), the famous illustrator of Dickens' works. As an eye surgeon Mr Browne was at one time in the leading ranks of his profession, but if he had not devoted himself to medicine the world might have known a second "Phiz," for he possessed much of his father's talent, and the rough sketches of the two men could scarcely be told apart.

Mr Browne was also the author of several plays, which made considerable sums for charity when produced in the North of England some years ago, and of an entertaining volume entitled "'Phiz' and Dickens." This last work at the time it was published was favourably reviewed. On the scientific side Mr Browne's "How to Use the Ophthalmoscope" is a standard work and is a very present help to all medical students. Mr Browne qualified at St Thomas' Hospital before the advent of antiseptics.

THE TRACK.

EVERY RUNNER OF NOTE FOR CELTIC PARK.

Keep an eye on Celtic Park on Saturday.

If you want to help the boys out by be there. If you can't attend that day you can help by securing a seat for Monday. I cannot remember a programme so full of good things for many a day as that submitted for this Saturday. And from information to hand the promoters have still something up their sleeve in the shape of a colonial invasion. Given decent weather, then the turnstiles should click to some tune.

Almost every runner of note has entered for the handicaps, and if the talent is not so sparkling as in pre-war days it's the best we have on hand, and with every boy a real trier you have the goods. I have been warned to keep a look out for several likely winners in the sprints.

I like the chance of Willie Binnie, a big-stepping Shettleston lad, who only requires to cultivate the art of starting to win prizes. Jack Bell is said to be improving, but if the Dumbarton wonder shins anything it will be the furlong. He is better over this distance than over the 100 yards, though some folks seem to think I am wrong. The prize is worth a big try. The danger points come from the B.H. man, Jamie Nielson, and an Edinburgh dark horse should also be well in.

I would not be the least surprised were A. Devine, W.S.H., or Willie Raeside, to score in the 220 yards, but Johnnie Crawford, the winner of the 100 at Clydebank, should not be left out. The Bothwell lad has so far never shown what he can do over 220 yards.

I have no real stuff for the distance events, but you can take it from me that there will be some dust flying before the pots find a secure resting place. The military are well represented, and if a soldier boy should win—well, so much the better. I have a tip from Maryhill that some mover has been unearthed, and the winner of the two miles may be found amongst the R.F.A. boys.

The boxing show is first class, and the meeting of Dan Flynn, Eddie Beattie, Darkie Billy Smith, and Chic Wallace is well worth the money charged. All the men have been reported O.K. The tit-bit seems to be reserved for the Monday meeting. The daddy of all the champions, Jimmy Wilde, meets Private Tancy Lee, while Driver George Clarke meets Trooper Wally Ross, who, by the way, must be considered when looking round for a champion.

Seats for the Saturday meeting can be booked, and if you don't want to be left—well, get a move on at once. Never has such a programme been served up, and it's well up against you to support the promoters.

Glasgow is, of course, not the only place where great efforts are being made to help the good cause. The Nobel A.C. have arranged a huge programme of events for Saturday. In addition to this they are running a special flag day all on their own. Jimmy Innes has charge of the show, and he reports good entries all round. The majority of the Eglinton Harriers are employed in Ardeer, so that the racing is certain to be keen.

J. J. Commins, Clyde F.C., informs me that he is forging ahead with arrangements for the usual professional meet on Saturday, 28th July. Some novel attractions are promised. Harriers in general will be delighted to learn that George Dallas, the old Maryhill lad, has been doing some good work in a Cadet Battalion. George won the quarter, half, and one mile races in the camp meet, which goes to show that army training has agreed with him.

All good sportsmen will be at the sports at Ibrox on Tuesday in aid of Glasgow's prisoners of war. The programme is prime, and is sure to satisfy the most fastidious. At 6 p.m. George M'Crae, the world's champion Marathon runner, will be seen in a special two-mile handicap, and an hour later the great boxing contests will begin—Flinn v. Breslin, Ross v. Lee, Ritchie v. M'Goldrick. A few special ringside seats are available—two shillings and four shillings extra. Be quick and book if you want a perfect view, though arriving at the eleventh hour.

We learn from the Balkan news that Corporal Billy Applegarth has been matched to run a championship match against Private Eastman, the coloured champion, who for many years was located in Cowdenbeath. The distances are 50 yards, 100 yards, and 220 ya ds. I know that Eastman fancies his chance over 50 yards, and while he may have a try in the first dash the other two events are easy things for the professional sprint champion. To put it mildly, Billy has landed on velvet.

SPORTS AT IBROX.

The munition workers of the National Projectile Factory had a day out at Ibrox, when they promoted a meeting in every way successful in aid of the Factory Distress Fund. The attendance exceeded 10,000, and the drawings amounted to £300. The feature of the meeting was the 100 yards dat, which was run off in nine heats. The heat-winners were:—D. Low, J. Imrie, J. Kirkpatrick, W. Colville, R. Hughes, F. Frail, R. W. Alexander, W. M'Kinnon, and J. Hamilton. The final was an exceptionally keen event, the three placed men breasting the tape in a bunch. Hamilton and Imrie tied for first place, and W. M'Kinnon was placed third. The time was 10 secs. dead. The two men run off for a decider, Imrie got off his mark first, and made the pace from Hamilton, and got home by inches. The deciding time was 10 1-5 secs. A popular victory, the little fellow showing all the pluck.

The 220 dash was next in order of merit, and four heats sufficed to cover. The heat-winners were:—A Frisby, F. Frail, D. Low, and T. Russell. The final was extra, and F. Frail was a popular winner, closely followed home by T. Russell for second place. Time—24 secs.

John Fox, owning to sixty-three years of age, was a popular winner of the veterans' 75 yards sprint.

In the relay race Miss Grant's team was first, with Mr M'Donald's second. The one-mile walk went to R. H. Smith.

An eleven-a-side final football match confined to the car workers was won by the "Blues" by 2 goals to nil. Miss Agnes Wilson was the double scorer.

The second turn of football, which was the special attraction, was a thirty-minutes' game between the Mileend and the Mossend munition workers. Mileend led by a goal at the turn-over, scored by Daisy Sommerville. It was a game of level pegging, and one much to the liking of the crowd. M. Devlin drew level from a penalty. It was a capital effort, and incidentally it can be said that "M. D." who was at left back, was the star kicker on her side. A draw—one goal each—was the result, and it flatters neither side.

Tug-of-war, nail-driving, sprint racing for the ladies, boat race, skipping-rope race, sack race, three-legged race, potato race, and dribbling race were the other items in a varied programme, and Messrs Coutts, Jenkins, and Spiers have credit in the manner the meet was conducted.

CRACKS AT CELTIC PARK.

The second annual charity sports meeting in aid of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Tollcross, was held at Celtic Park yesterday, before an attendance of about 5000.

The following were the principal results:—

100 Yards Flat Race Handicap—1 Pte. M. C. Cook, R.A.M.C. (5 yards); 2 W. Wilson, Shettleston Harriers (5 yards); 3 J. M'Ilroy, Maryhill Harriers (10 yards). Soldier Cook ran a great race, and won by inches from Wilson. Time—10 3-5 secs.

220 Yards Flat Race Handicap—1 J. M'Fadden, Shettleston H. (8 yards); 2 Sergeant J. W. Gutteridge, R.S.F. (8 yards); 3 Geo. S. Summers, Bellahouston H. (18 yards). A good race all the way, The Shettleston Harrier got up in the last yard and beat the soldier on the tape. Time—23 3-5 secs.

Half-Mile Flat Race Handicap—1 J. B. Craig, Bellahouston H. (43 yards); 2 Corporal J. M'Donald, Glenpark H. (50 yards); 3 Jas. Wilson, Glenpark H. (26 yards). Won by one yard. Good third. Time—2 min. 1 sec.

Invitation Schools Relay Race—1 Vale of Leven Academy, 2 Hamilton Crescent, 3 Onslow Drive, 4 St Mary's R.C. Boy Carlow ran a great 220 for the winners, and he is a second Boy Bell.

One Mile Flat Race—1 R. Wilson, Motherwell Y.M.C.A. (120 yards); 2 Sam Small, Bellahouston H. (55 yards); 3 Corporal J. M'Donald, Glenpark H. (75 yards). The Motherwell lad piled on the pace from Willie Quinn's pistol, and just won. Time—4 min. 30 1-5 secs.

In the invitation junior five-a-side Parkhead beat Vale of Clyde, St Anthony's beat Strathclyde, Shettleston beat Blantyre Vics., and Glencairn beat Cambuslang Rangers. Final:—Parkhead beat Shettleston by 1 goal and 1 corner to 1 goal. The Parkhead boys were always on the lead, and deserved to win.

£850 FOR RED CROSS AT CLYDEBANK.

The employees of the Singer Factory, Clydebank, set out to gain £1000 for the Red Cross as the result of their sports and gala day at the Recreation Grounds, Kilbowie, yesterday, and at the conclusion of the sports programme the financial thermometer, prominently displayed on the ground indicated the total to date £850, with the ludos still rolling in from a hundred and one "fun of the fair" side shows, so that the ultimate result may touch £1200.

The following are the principal results:—

100 Yards Race (open to men)—1 A. Auchencloss, 2 J. Eaglesham, 3 W. Peden. 75 Yards Race (ladies under 21)—1 M. Cartes, 2 A. Harrison, 3 J. Malcolm. 75 Yards Race (ladies over 21)—1 C. Gow, 2 M. Hamilton, 3 J. Murdoch. Ladies Sack Race—1 E. M'Kechnie, 2 B. Saddler, 3 M. M'Adee. One Mile Walking Contest (men over 50)—1 W Paterson, 2 A. Inglis. Ladies' Obstacle Race—1 A. Crorie, 2 A. Mackay, 3 M. Gowans. Relay Race (final, men's)—1 25 Dept., No. 1 team. Relay Race (ladies)—1 26 Dept., No. 2 team. Tug-of-War (men)—final—1 Dept., No. 1 team, beat 1 Dept. No. 2 team, by two pulls to nil. Tug-of-War (ladies)—final—Anzac, No. 2 team, beat No. 26 Dept. team by two pulls to nil. Five-a-side football—men's final—6 Dept., No. 1 team, beat 1 Dept. No. 1 team, by two goals to one. Fancy Dress Parade—Best dressed—1 A. Clark (Indian Brave), 2 D. M'Kean (Britannia), 3 D. Logan (Dick Whittington). Most Original—1 E. Cairns (Mrs Grundy), 2 E. Anderson (John Bull), 3 M. Clark (Fisher Girl). Throwing Cricket Ball (ladies)—1 A. Clark, 2 E. M'Tarish.

EDINBURGH RED CROSS SPORTS.

Red Cross sports at Powderhall yesterday, which were held in charming weather, brought out a crowd of 20,000 spectators, and were carried through most successfully. G. M'Crae, Banknock, was to have tried to break the record for the two miles race, but in consequence of a sprain had to abandon the attempt. The sum of £300 was realised at the gate and stands, £200 by tickets, and the total revenue would be between £600 and £700.

Five-a-Side Football—First Round—Hibernians (Paterson, Gordon, Meaney, Logan, and M'Dougall), beat Rangers (Grier, Dickson, Muirbeck, Martin, and Archibald) by one goal to nothing.

Royal Field Artillery (Brownlie, Fletcher, Duncan, Walker, and Rae) beat Queen's Park (Neilson, Hendry, Aitken, Templeton, and A. L. Morton) by two goals to nothing.

Clyde (Cowan, Daly, Forrest, Watson, and Chambers) beat St Bernards (C. Kerr, Harper, Reid, M'Leod, and Ross) by two points to nothing.

Celtic (Brodie, M'Stay, Browning, Gallagher, and Grier) beat Hearts (Black, Muir, Smith, Denyer, and Sergeant Gordon) by two goals one point to nothing after a draw, in which there had been no scoring.

Semi-Final—Celtic beat Clyde by 2 goals to 0, Brodie scoring twice in the third instalment of extra time, the tie lasting twenty-five minutes. R.F.A. beat Hibs by one point to nothing. Final—Celtic beat R.F.A. by two goals to nothing.

100 Yards Handicap—Winners of heats:—G. W. Winnsett, Edinburgh (6); C. Hector, Edinburgh (6½); Corp. R. Nisbet, R.F.A. (8); Sapper J. Baird, R.E. (5); Signaller A. Smart, R.N.V.R. (7½), J. S. Mather, Edinburgh (1); A. Kerr, Edinburgh (3); J. D. Murray, Glasgow (6½); B. Carlyle, Edinburgh (scratch); Gunner Malcolm, R.G.A. (3); Drummer R. Anderson (7½); J. M'Kenna, Uphall (7½); T. Barclay, Edinburgh (5½); Piper R. ames, R.S. (7); Sergeant-Major Lorimer, R.G.A. (6); H. Bowen, Edinburgh (4½). Second Ties—Hector, Smart, Anderson, and James. Final—1 Anderson, 2 Smart, 3 Hector. Won by a half yard. Time—10 3-5 secs.

Two Miles Handicap—George M'Crae, Banknock, was suffering from a sprain, and gave up after half a mile— L. Glen, Edinburgh (180); 2 T. W. Howard, Cowdenbeath (350); 3 Lance-Corporal P. E. Smith, R.E. (340). Won by three yards; ten yards between second and third. Time—9 min. 25⅘ secs.

BILLIARDS.

Reece,	...	...	16,000
Stevenson,	...	...	15,318

The Mossenders and Mile-enders are keen eleven-a-siders. The Mossend left back lady had a good kick.

ALL SPORTSMEN WILL ATTEND IBROX PARK on TUESDAY, 3rd JULY, to help GLASGOW'S PRISONERS OF WAR and to witness THE BEST ATHLETICS PROGRAMME submitted to the GLASGOW PUBLIC.

Starring Appearance (for first time in Glasgow)—
GEORGE M'CRAE,
The World's Champion Marathon Runner, in a Special Two-Mile Handicap (commencing at 6 p.m.).
Great Boxing Contests (commencing at 7 p.m.)—
DAN FLYNN v. PAT. BRESLIN—Fifteen Three-Minute Rounds.
WALTER ROSS v. TANCY LEE—3 Rounds.
JACK RITCHIE v. DAN M'GOLDRICK—3 Rounds.
MASTER ALEXANDER v. MASTER LOGAN (The Champion Boy Boxers)—3 Rounds.
Easton and Skinner—The Rollicking Knockabouts in a new act.
FOOTBALL, RUNNING, JUMPING, WRESTLING AND TUG-OF-WAR.
Admission—Ground, 1s; Stands, 1s. A few Special Ringside Seats, 2s and 4s extra.

A CHAMPIONSHIP Washer Pitching Competition (15 feet) will be held at Ranche Quoiting Ground, Low Waters, Hamilton, on Saturday, 7th July, 1917, at 2.30 p.m. Gold medal for champion and several money prizes. Washers provided. Hugh Pate secretary, 17 Glebe Street, Hamilton.

THE RING.

SCOTTISH FLY-WEIGHT'S CHALLENGE.

A return twenty three-minute rounds match has been fixed for next Monday night at The Ring, when Private George Clark (A.S.C.) meets Tommy Noble (Bermondsey).

Seeing that there is a project on hand to raise a fund on behalf of the relatives of the late Dai Roberts, the Scottish fly-weight, Sid Shields states that he will be pleased to box anyone his weight a genuine contest quite free of charge, as, remarks Shields, "one never knows when it may come to one's own wife or mother to be similarly bereaved."

George Ruddick and Young Walsh, who have been negotiating for a match for £25 a-side, have been unable to settle their weight differences, but have signed articles to box a bout of fifteen two-minute rounds at 9 st. 8 lbs., without a side stake, on Saturday, July 7. Each man has deposited 50s with Mr Jack Smith to guarantee their appearance at this weight.

HARDCASTLE V. RUDDICK.

The match between Charlie Hardcastle and Louis Ruddick, who are to box fifteen three-minute rounds at the Holborn Stadium to-morrow week, will bring together the feather-weight champion of England and a man who stands out on past doings as uncrowned bantam-weight champion, for Ruddick has met and beaten almost everyone of note in the division except Fox, the title holder. Ruddick, in this coming match, will again be called on to give weight away, as he and Hardcastle are to weigh-in at 9 st. 2 lbs. at two o'clock on the day of boxing, so that the belt holder will probably have 8 lbs. to 10 lbs. the best of the weights, as his opponent will not scale more than 8 st. 8 lbs. when he enters the ring. Still, his will not be such a big handicap as when he met Tancy Lee here a few weeks ago, and all who saw it will remember what a fine contest Ruddick put up here against the burly, powerful little Scot a few weeks ago. He commenced training at Holborn Stadium yesterday.

WILLARD'S GRIEVANCE.

Jess Willard, the world's heavy-weight champion, has aforetime said that he would box any man in the world for the title—at a price, of course—except Carl Morris, the huge Sapulpa fireman, who recently defeated Frank Moran, the reason being that Morris, in the not so long ago, when he was quite a big noise in the heavy-weight division, while Jess was a comparative unknown, had some rude things to say about the present champion. Willard has never forgotten or forgiven Morris, hence his decision not to give him a contest if he can possibly avoid it. But after big Carl's recent run of victories, one of which removed a most dangerous-seeming rival in Fred Fulton, Willard will either have to revise his sentiments towards Morris or else retire and get out of the way. That, at any rate, is the view taken of the situation by the American sporting world.

WHIPPETING.

EXCITING FINISH AT GLASGOW.

The monthly special handicap at Glasgow made up the card in twenty-nine heats, the winner taking the handsome prize of £17. Details:—200 Yards Open Handicap—First Prize £17; second and third, £1 each. First and second in heats:—Mr Dean's Gun Queen (22) and Mr Williams's Wee Dan (27); Mr Marshall's Jenny Lee (15½) and Mr Moffat's Hand-in-Hand (27½); Mr Muir's Sweep (23) and Mr Morrison's Miss Pankhurst (23½); Mr Munro's Nigger (31½), Mr Buckley's Cathkin Boy (23) and Mr Marshall's Bonnie Doon (36); Mr Jim's Jester (34½) and Mr Clark's Lass Trouble (29); Mr M'Cruden's Wild Lassie (39) and Mr Collin's Nellie (34½); Mr Brown's Sporting Lad (25) and Mr M'Colgan's Kitty (23½); Mr Davidson's Black Midge (35½) and Mr Strain's Useless (23); Mr Roberts' Falconet (18) and Mr Train's Wee Rab (35½); Mr Dick's Joy (35½) and Mr Cairns' Jamie (39½); Mr Kilden's Fanny (17) and Mr Smith's Horror (25); Mr Cairns' Mix-Up (22) and Mr Grant's Pale Ale (35½); Mr Quinn's Sally (26) and Mr Smillie's Roselea (38½); Mr Jeanette's Black Amore (35) and Mr Montgomery's Spunky (27) and Mr Nicholl's Cossack (27), dead heat for second place; Mr Bookie's Wee Bella (34) and Mr Whitelaw's Lady Tempest (30); Mr Grant's Eastwood (33) and Mr Scott's Red Flag (21); Mr Johnstone's Sandy (23) and Mr Marshall's Leven (29½), dead heat for first place; Mr Harrison's Hermes (38½) and Mr Craig's Water Wonder (35); Mr Harry's Mayflower (21) and Mr Gordon's Adeline (21); Mr Hardy's Reality (39½) and Mr Ned's Sundridge (36); Mr Mack's Flossie (34) and Mr Goldie's Tan (21½); Mr Kenyon's Flash Lady (36½) and Mr Frank's Maid of Erin (19); Mr Wilson's Jack Tar (26) and Mr Watson's All the Same (32½); Mr Hunter's Admiration (18½) and Mr Andrew's Bar (30); Mr Kincaid's Barley Wine (17½) and Mr Mitchell's Sunrise (20); Mr Brown's Happy Fanny (38) and Mr M'Conville's Irish Mail (30½); Mr Kinloch's Bush Wife (35) and Mr Latta's Baker (32); Mr M'Mahon's Wee Tammy (33) and Mr Forgie's Tartar (38).

First Semi-Final—Sporting Lad and Less Trouble. Second Semi-Final—Jimie and Fanny. Third Semi-Final—Black Amore and Spunky. Fourth Semi-Final—Red Flag and Flash Lady. Final—1 Mr Montgomery's Spunky, 2 Mr Jeanette's Black Amore, 3 Mr Cairns' Jimie. Also ran—Sporting Lad, Fanny, Red Flag, Flash Lady, and Less Trouble. Betting—2 to 1 against Black Amore, 3 to 1 against each Sporting Lad, Jimie, and Spunky, 4 to 1 against Fanny, 6 to 1 Flash Lady, 8 to 1 Red Flag, 10 to 1 Less Trouble. Won by inches. Exciting finish.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

Results:—1 Mr Richardson's (Glencraig) Spider (15½); 2 Mr Russell's (Cowdenbeath) Scotch Jimmie (13½); 3 Mr Kinnear's (Cowdenbeath) Black and White (14); 4 Mr Irvine's (Lochhore) Rugged Lass (13). Betting—Evens on Spider.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The weekly handicap took place on the Coatbridge grounds yesterday. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previous week's handicap. Results:—First Semi-Final—1 Geddes Sleepy (44); 2 Hamilton's Jem Mace (46). Second Semi-Final—1 Allan's Honour Bright (50); 2 M'Guire's Stirabout (47). Final—1 Honour Bright; 2 Stirabout. Betting—4 to 5 Stirabout; 2 to 1 Honour Bright.

Twenty heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners—M'Allister's Erin's Beauty (51); Tony's Tancy Lee (47); Thomsan's Kate (5½); Hannah's Sailor (46); Mullan's London Lass (46); Thomson's Minnie (52); M'Gracken's Black Polly (48); Reston's Spider (51); Maxwell's Mischief (53); Reynold's Shot (40); Clyde's Betty (43); Gibson's Lad (50); Geddes Sleepy (44); M'Laughlan's Nan (44); Buchel's Cairnhill Lad (47); Mitchell's Wandering Boy (46); Barnett's Flashlight (45); Bryd's Chief of the Clan (48); Anderson's Ruby (43).

BATHGATE GAMES.

The Old Associates' annual games took place yesterday at Bathgate, in delightful weather, before an enormous crowd. Principal results:—100 Yards Handicap (open)—1 Cowan, Bangour (6 yards); 2 Chapman, Bathgate (9); 3 Hunter, Addiewell (4). Mile (novice) Cycle Race—1 Izatt, Uphall (scratch); 2 John Forsyth, Uphall (20); 3 James Forsyth, Uphall (20). Challenge Wrestling Match—William Falconer (eight-stone champion of Scotland) v. James Muirhead (ten-stone champion of West Lothian) for a purse and gold medal. Falconer won by two throws to nothing.

GREENOCK GAMES.

Morton's enterprise in promoting a confined sports meeting was rewarded yesterday by a splendid attendance, about 5000 spectators being present at Cappielow Park. Lady munition workers figured in the programme. Tug-of-war and five-a-side football tournaments, in which they took part, proved highly popular. All the events were keenly contested, the following being among the principal results:—

100 Yards Race—1 F. M'Farlane, 2 M. Hobden. 75 Yards Race (ladies in uniform)—1 J. Kelly, 2 C. M'Crae. Five-a-side football tournament for men—1 Scott's Engineers. Five-a-side football tournament for women—1 Kincaid's, 2 Greenock and District Laundry. Tug-of-War (for ladies in uniform)—1 Kincaid's team. Tug-of-War for Men—1 Kingston, Port-Glasgow.

The century sprint was the feature at Ibrox.

FOOTBALL.

CAMBUSLANG WIN.

There was a good crowd at Cathkin to see the finish of the Glasgow Charity Cup competition between Cambuslang Rangers and Ashfield. Reid shied at an opening chance for Ashfield, and an accident to Maxwell, the Rangers' centre, endangered their chances, as they played ten men to the finish of the game. Rangers played up with surprising vim. Ashfield were first to score, Dempster fixed on from a pass off Ballantine, and easily left Wilson for the first count. There was a good pace in the game, and the "Blues" got their due when M'Gregor got the ball past Hendry for the equaliser, and peels were called at the turn-over—one all.

The Rangers, despite their handicap, went out to win in the second half. Finnie took the eye with shots on the target, and Hendry was kept in employ. As it was he got past Hendry's guard for the second goal, and Davidson made siccar with a third goal at five to go, and the Rangers were good winners. Best for Ashfield—Hendry, Nimmo, Cornock, and Dempster. For Rangers — M'Gowan, Wilson, Russell, M'Gregor, Haughton, and Finnie. Cambuslang, 3; Ashfield, 1. Gate, exclusive of tax, £131 18s.

CHARITY HAT-TRICK.

Great interest for football enthusiasts centred in the junior match at Beresford Park, Ayr, yesterday, where a large crowd assembled to see the game on behalf of Red Cross Funds, between an eleven representative of the Glasgow Junior Association and the Scottish Junior League, and an eleven from the Ayrshire Junior Association. An even first half fitly describes the play during that period, but it was early apparent that the city players had more method in their tactics. Rankin opened the scoring for the visitors half an hour after the start, and with this lead the teams crossed over.

In the second half Rankin, still the outstanding forward on the field, scored other two goals, one in particular taken in clever fashion. Gray was the other scorer, and he was somewhat lucky, as the ball rebounded off him from a return by Strachan. Goldie registered the only goal for Ayrshire from a cross by Givens. The Ayrshire forwards had several chances in the closing stages, but failed to make use of them, as their shooting was wretched. For the winners, Rankin, Durward, Primrose, and Dalgleish were best; while, for Ayrshire, M'Master, Frew, Cunningham, and Steel did exceptionally well. Glasgow and Scottish League, 4; Ayrshire Association, 1. Gate and stands (excluding tickets sold), about £40.

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

GLASGOW JUNIOR CHARITY CUP—FINAL.

Ashfield,	...	1	Cambuslang Rangers, 3

JUNIOR LEAGUE—WAR MATCH.

Ayrshire,	...	1	4
Dunfermline Select,		4	3
Yarrow's Shipyard,		1	4
St Mirren Juniors,	..	1	2
Renfrew Juniors,	..	0	2

Glasgow and Scottish League, 4; Military, ...
St Paul's United, ...

IRISH RACING TIPS.

BY THE COLONEL.

Below are my selections for Bellewstown and Phœnix Park races:—

BELLEWSTOWN—Wednesday, July 4.

Hillstown Plate—Gallipolis, nap; Singlestick next best.

Hill Plate—War Flour, nap; Draughty next best.

Drogheda Plate—Loch Ailen, nap; Hartstown next best.

Meath Plate—Oklahoma, nap; Archias next best.

Bellewstown Plate—High View, nap; Two Sons next best.

Conyngham Cup—Meridian, nap; Pam Nut next best.

Thursday, July 5.

His Majesty's Plate—Parley, nap; Brave Chap next best.

Crockafotha Plate — Jenny Jones, nap; Happy Moments next best.

Stewards' Plate—Newry, nap; Fond Lucy next best.

Grand Stand Plate—Princess, nap; Oppligu next best.

Corporation Plate — Blazing Flight, nap; Truncheon next best.

Leggan Hall Plate — Pye Bridge, nap; Eclaiseur next best.

PHŒNIX PARK—Saturday, July 7.

Farmleigh Plate—Fairmore, nap; Father Creeper next best.

Selling Nursery—Forty-one, nap; Perhaps Yes next best.

Breeders' Produce Stakes—Timber, nap; White Market next best.

Arnott Plate—Steady Scotch, nap; Sari Bahr next best.

LIMERICK RACES.

3.0—BALLYKISTEEN HURDLE PLATE—One Mile and a Half.

Cremley,	1
Aldermaston,	2
Brave Chap,	3

Betting—6 to 4 against Cremley, 5 to 2 against Aldermaston, 8 to 1 against Brave Chap. Won by three parts of a length; one length between second and third.

3.30—FLYING HANDICAP PLATE—One Mile One Furlong.

Lady Palotta,	1
Navan Lass,	2
Duke of Brandon,	3

Betting—6 to 4 against Lady Palotta, 9 to 4 against Duke of Brandon, 5 to 1 against Navan Lass. Won in a canter by twelve lengths; six lengths between second and third.

4.0—WELTER PLATE (FLAT RACE)—Two Miles.

Good Health,	1
Bee Fast,	2

Betting—11 to 10 on Bee Fast. Won by a length.

4.30—JUNCTION SELLING RACE—Five Furlongs.

Simon's Choice,	1
Mexico,	2
Loch Dan,	3

Betting—6 to 1 each against Loch Dan and Mexico, 50 to 1 against Simon's Choice. Won easily by one and a half lengths; a length between second and third.

5.0—MONATOGHER SELLING PLATE—About Seven Furlongs.

High View,	1
Lady Evie,	2
Ethel H.,	3

Betting—6 to 4 against Ethel H., 2 to 1 against High View, 6 to 1 against Lady Evie. Winner retained for 70 sovs.

5.30—COUNTY PLATE (FLAT RACE)—One Mile and a Half.

Farranliney,	1
Larch Hill,	2
Green Button,	3

Won easily by one length.

CRICKET.

POLOC v. GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Glasgow University were the guests of Poloc at Shawholm yesterday. The 'Varsity had the assistance of several of their old players, who were home on leave, while about a hundred wounded soldiers, who were the guests of the home club, witnessed the game. The University batted first, and made 84. The feature of Poloc's innings was the batting of Sandiford. His total of 83 was the result of excellent cricket. Spencer bowled well for the 'Varsity, taking five wickets for 45 runs. Scores:—

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

E. M. Lindsay, b Sandiford,	11
R. L. H. Donald, b Sandiford,	2
J. H. G. Marshall, c Gillespie, b Muir,	9
C. S. Wilson, c Muir, b Dinsmore,	44
Lieut. P. L. Forsyth, b Muir,	6
G. Pearson, lbw, b Muir,	1
Captain Pate, not out,	4
Lieut. Douglas, b Muir,	3
H. H. Spencer, c Gillespie, b Muir,	2
Lieut. Wilson, c Dinsmore, b Donaldson,	1
Extra,	1
Total,	84

POLOC.

Staff-Sergt. T. A. Campbell, run out,	4
A. Black, b Marshall,	18
W. Linton, run out,	17
B. H. Sandiford, b Spencer,	83
A. M. Muir, b Spencer,	14
T. A. Liddell, b Spencer,	0
Lieut. J. Donaldson, b Spencer,	0
W. H. A. Dinsmore, c Donald, b Spencer,	14
J. Anderson, b Marshall,	10
W. E. Gillespie, not out,	7
J. Murdoch, not out,	0
Extras,	7
Total for nine wickets,	174

C. T. MANNES' FINE SCORE.

The return match between the West of Scotland and B. & W. Athletic was played at Hamilton Crescent on a fast wicket. Welford and Fox made a capital start for the first wicket, J. W. Ferguson took five for 24, and W. W. Thomson five for 33. For the West the old Perthshire and Drumpellier favourite, C. T. Mannes, was in grand form. Despite his fifty odd years, he showed all his old form. His 111 is the highest score he has ever made at Hamilton Crescent. Scores:—

B. & W. ATHLETIC.

J. Welford, b Ferguson,	41
J. Fox, b Thomson,	20
F. Colledge, b Ferguson,	6
J. Oakes, lbw, b Ferguson,	0
W. Northrop, c Plumpton, b Thomson,	1
W. J. Crawford, b Ferguson,	2
R. Clink, c Cunningham, b Thomson,	18
J. May, b Ferguson,	5
T. Duncan, c Plumpton, b Thomson,	9
J. Kerr, not out,	0
G. Allum, c Drinnan, b Thomson,	0
Extras,	17
Total,	124

WEST.

C. T. Mannes, c Welford, b Allum,	111
W. Plumpton, b Northrop,	9
H. Lewin, b Northrop,	0
J. O. Martin, c Duncan, b Northrop,	11
M. C. M'Alister, st Colledge, b Oakes,	6
W. W. Thomson, b Northrop,	1
J. H. Miller, c Fox, b Oakes,	16
F. G. Cunningham, c Kerr, b Crawford,	9
J. Anderson, c Fox, b Crawford,	0
W. R. Drinnan, not out,	0
Extras,	7
Total for nine wickets,	170

J. W. Ferguson did not bat.

QUOITING.

BY "DISC."

William Watters, Lochgelly, has again claimed himself the title of "king among quoiters," duly dropped the title for a season by default, but he came quickly into his own by beating the Galston crack at Barrhead by 16 shots.

John Simpson, Douglas Water, is being highly spoken of as Scotland's coming man. For a young player he gave a remarkable display in the New Stevenston tourney. M'Neill led him 32-22, and peels were called at 35. It was neck and neck level at 49 and 50, one to get and win. Simpson played an inch to the strong, and Mac. played an invincible solid fore wabber, and finished up with a odd shot winner. It was easily the most exciting game ever played in the district, and the "Douglas" man pleased an exacting crowd.

There are many exciting events tabled. Next week Tom Weir and Hugh Winters meet at Rutherglen head for £60. Winters was a previous stake-holder—61-58—but the Baillieston man is out to win all the length as the winner. In the event of "Winter" victory I hear that Tom may get a chance on a Glasgow green.

Paisley's open handicap is down for 14th and 21st July. Support the Buddies!

Andrew Wilson, Larkhall, plays George M'Neill, New Stevenston, next week on the Royal Albert green. "Kick off" eleven o'clock. Some game this.

Quoiters who want a day's outing should visit Larkhall haudigan on the 14th. The regulations are, with prizes—£4, £2, £1, and 10s—to those who fall in the last eight. The more merrier, says Davy Jones, and he knows how to run the show.

J. Durney and T. Spiers are the players entered in a benefit match for the late secretary of the Royal Albert Club, who has fallen in action, and a local sport is gifting a gold medal to the winner. A kindly action, Mr Farr.

Jamieson (Bo'ness) and M'Neill (New Stevenston) are fixed for £60 for the 14th July. Glasgow was fixed as the venue, but I fancy none of the Glasgow clubs will run opposition to the Hibernian handicap. Try Kirkintilloch, Mr Mac.

Walkinshaw, of Douglas Water, is asked to go to John Durney a return game. Anything doing, Mr Kerr?

In reply to Riccarton, J. G. Haggarty will play Ramble Cree, Riccarton, on the date fixed for the return game. Some money this time otherwise "the gate."

John E. M'Bride, East Calder, is open to play anybody in Lanarkshire for £20 a-side. Robert M'Bride, Larkhall, preferred. Who's first?

There's a fifteen-yards tourney on the 14th. Reuben Keast, Crosshouse, runs a tourney at Kilmarnock. Prizes, £9 10s.

There's a gold medal going at Hamilton next Saturday for a fifteen feet champion washer pitching competition. Look up Mr Pate at the Ranche Quoiting Ground at 2.30, and take your choice for the metal.

EXCITING GAME AT BANTON.

A very exciting game took place at Banton yesterday between Duncan M'Callum, Kirkintilloch, and Robert M'Gregor, Banton, for £10. M'Callum ran away with the game at the start, and led by 24 shots to 4. M'Gregor started to take possession of the pin, and played a beautiful game. At half-time M'Callum was only 2 shots ahead. The second half was extremely close, At 54 the men were equal, and there was great excitement at the finish. M'Callum getting the last end, and winning by a single shot—61-60.

GLASGOW CHAMPIONSHIP.

St Andrew's Club concluded their second day's tournament for the Wylie Cup and the championship title for Glasgow and district. In the second round most of the fancied men kept their end up. Sam Weir, A. Dougal, Bob Laidlaw, A. Bullock, John Orr, D. Skeoch, Tom Weir, and W. Ballantine passing into the third. A surprise was sprung up when Geo. Chapman, Cowlairs, who in the first round defeated the holder, fell to Dalrymple, junr., of the ground side. The third round upheaval was the defeat of John Orr, who fell to Bob Laidlaw of St Andrew's, by 15 shots to 6. Archie F. Bullock also fell in this round, and the brothers Weir went on to further conquests, and in the fifth round Bob Laidlaw and M'Laughlan went out to the Parkhead brothers.

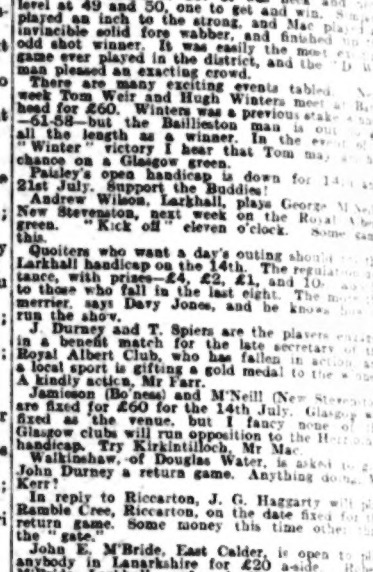
Semi-Final—Adam Dougall, 21; Sam Weir, 15. Thos. Weir, 21; R. M'Lauchlan, 8.

Owing to the lateness of the hour the committee suggested that the players should decide the custody of the cup in a game of eleven shots, when T. Weir won by 11 to 10 against Adam Dougall.

MONEY MATCH.

R. Snedden, Shieldhall, and R. Myles, Renfrew, met in a money match for £20 yesterday. Conditions—41 shots up at 18 yards. In a game of level pegging the final result was—Snedden 41, Myles, 38. A. Birnie, Grahamston, beat D. Laird, Carron, by 61 shots to 58 in a pitching contest over seven yards. Hector M'Kinlay, Larbert, had a runaway victory from Andrew Rae, Longdyke, in a pitching contest for £20. Result:—M'Kinlay 61; Rae, 32.

"Charlie Chaplin" was at the munition workers' sports at Ibrox.



Our portrait is of Miss Nellie Thornton, of 79, Brighton Street, Salford, Manchester, whose mother writes:—

"I am sending a photo of my little girl Nellie, who is now completely cured of Eczema by your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Her sufferings were unbearable, and she often wished herself dead. She was without healthy skin from head to foot, and could not hardly bear to stand, sit, or lie down. I took her to a skin hospital, and I kept her under their treatment for five months. They gave me ointments for her, but they did her no good. I then bought some 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' for her, and am now very thankful, for her life is due to the wonderful cure it made of her."

Clarke's Blood Mixture, by reason of its remarkable blood purifying properties, can be relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting benefit in all cases of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses,

If You're "Moody" Find Out Why

A LOW state of the nerves means a low state of health, and it may be due to uric acid.

Depression usually means a low condition of the system, and if you can't banish it by getting more air and exercise, sleeping more, eating simply, and resting body and brain, you might suspect uric acid poisoning.

Usually you would be warned of this by pain in the back, dizziness, headaches, and urinary disorders.

Fight uric acid by waking up the kidneys—stirring them up to filter the blood more thoroughly. There is a special medicine for this—Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

Certainly Doan's Pills are worth a trial, for they have relieved many in Glasgow of gravel, stone, dropsy, and acute kidney disease. A sensible person will live more simply and carefully, too, and so help to hasten the cure.

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

GLASGOW MAN'S EXPERIENCE

Mr. W. Gregory, of 510, Gallowgate, Glasgow, says:—"My work in the shipyard used to be very heavy, and it made matters worse when I became subject to kidney weakness. I often found it difficult to keep going owing to the terrible pains in my back and loins. Once I had to stay off work for a fortnight, because I was in such pain. The pains used to strike through me like a lot of knives, and I got very sore and stiff. I also had trouble with the water, which was scanty and painful and contained a sediment.

"But I am thankful to say Doan's backache kidney pills cured me of these troubles. They removed the pain completely and put my kidneys right. I enjoy wonderfully good health now for a man of seventy-three. It is because Doan's pills have done me such lasting good that I can recommend them with so much confidence.

(Signed) "W. GREGORY."

Be Sure you ask for DOAN'S and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mr. Gregory had.

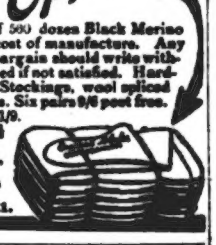
All dealers, or 2/9 a box from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills.

500 dozen Splendid Opportunity

We are offering stock of 500 dozen Black Merino Stockings much below cost of manufacture. Any lady desiring a genuine bargain should write without delay. Money returned if not satisfied. Hard-wearing Black Merino Stockings, wool spliced cotton heels and toes. Six pairs 9/6 post free.

PER PAIR. Sample pr. 1/9. Sizes 9, 9½ and 10.



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THE BEST PREVENTIVE for SLUGS, CATERPILLAR, and OTHER INSECT PESTS is to SPRAY ALL PLANTS with Paterson's

CLENSEL

The Safest, Cheapest, and most effective Insecticide obtainable. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 7½d.

Full directions on every bottle.

Sole Manufacturers—

JOHN PATERSON & CO. CLENSEL WORKS, Henrietta Street, Glasgow, E.

GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. RAYE and SPEEDY. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots., 1/3

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES, COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE, The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

FREEMANS SUCCESS

There's nothing else quite so good.

DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD

EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE

Outer Covers (guaranteed), from 3s 9d each; Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second-Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars, Brakes. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE. GLASGOW CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

I WAS BALD

I was born in 1852, and, just as my photograph shows, I now have a full growth of hair. Yet, thirty years ago, I found scurf upon my scalp, and my hair began to fall away until after a while I was classed as a "bald-head."

Call it vanity if you will, it was displeasing to me to remain bald. Furthermore, I believe it is our birthright to have plenty of hair upon our heads.

SEEKING A HAIR GROWTH.

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, in the hope of growing new hair I had experimented with one thing and another—the usual array of lotions, pomades, shampoos, &c., without getting any benefit. At that age I looked older than I do now. Later when I became a trader in the Indian territory of U.S.A., some of the Cherokee jocosely called me "The White Brother without a scalp lock."

AMERICAN INDIANS NEVER BALD.

I never saw a bald Cherokee Indian. Both braves and squaws almost invariably use tobacco, eat irregularly, frequently wear tight bands around their heads, and do other things which are commonly ascribed as causes of baldness. Yet they all possess beautiful hair. What, then, is their secret? Being on the spot—most of the time at Tahlequah and upon very friendly terms—it was easy for me to gain information from usually taciturn Cherokees. I learned exactly how American Indians grow long, luxuriant hair, avoiding baldness and eliminating scurf or dandruff.

MY HAIR GREW AGAIN.

Then I applied these secrets to myself and my hair began to grow. There was no messing or trouble about it. The new hairs emanated from my scalp as profusely as grass grows on a properly kept lawn. I have had a plenitude of hair ever since.

Numerous friends of mine in Philadelphia and elsewhere asked me what had performed such a miracle, and I gave them the Indian elixir. Their hair soon grew over bald spots. Scurf disappeared wherever it existed—and it never returned. That these persons were amazed and delighted is stating the fact mildly.

The hair that grows is strong and silk-like. It has beautiful lustre and imparts the appearance of health and vigour.

I WILL SEND A TESTING PACKAGE.

It will be a pleasure for me to send, post free, a package of what I now term Brittain's Indian Hair Elixir, and descriptive pamphlet, circulars, &c., to any person who writes a request, and who encloses sixpence in stamps (or a P.O.) to pay a share of advertising and mailing expenses. Mention Mrs., Mr., Miss, Rev., &c., and sign name plainly. Kindly address your letter to J. HART BRITTAIN, 2, PERCY-STREET (90J), LONDON, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow—even if you have been bald for years—you may obtain a further supply from me at a modicum.

The sale of the Duke of St Albans' Lincolnshire estate has realised £106,030.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

INDUSTRIALS IN HIGH FEATHER.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

CIRCUMSTANCES, chiefly in the shape of the forthcoming prolonged week-end holiday on the Stock Exchange, have been against any display of activity in the leading markets, apart from those sections, chiefly Industrial, which have been governed by special influences.

Underlying conditions, however, have been distinctly firm, and the position is now such as to encourage the hopes of a general improvement with the turn of the half-year.

Easier money should stimulate the sales of Exchequer Bonds, and thus prevent the issue of another huge War Loan for the present. A large number of dividends have been deducted from quotations, making stocks generally look still cheaper.

The war news is good, and is likely to be still better in the future. The fact that Germany is exporting gold to bolster up the exchange is a measure of desperation which is not likely to have more than a temporary effect in staying the fall of the mark.

INDUSTRIAL SECTIONS IN HIGH FEATHER.

The leading Industrial sections, after their recent pause, have become stronger than ever, and the Shipping section, more especially, is in high feather on rumours of a still more widespread combine.

Similar reasons are operating in the case of Iron and Steel, and of Munition shares; and amongst these Vickers, although they have risen to 39s, are still considered worthy of attention, as they offer a yield of 6 per cent. per annum net, the company being assured of a continuance of large and profitable contracts for many years after the war.

Another concern which is understood to be doing well out of war business is Frederick Sage, which has paid 6 per cent. dividend per annum for the last three years, and whose 10s shares are still obtainable at about 7s 6d.

A remarkable revival in Brewery stocks has been one of the features. Latest developments make the position of such companies more favourable, but they cannot be considered to be out of the wood while the war goes on, and it is, therefore, necessary to exercise discretion in the case of this department.

A POOR WEEK IN RUBBERS.

This has been a poor week for the Rubber share market, in fact, the quietest that has been experienced for some time past. The signal for realisations was given by the persistent decline in prices of rubber, although there are now signs that the latter have touched bottom.

Another reassuring indication has been the readiness of the dealers to take all the shares offered, while bargain-hunting investors have also been on the warpath. After the prolonged upward movement that has taken place the present shake-out will not do the market any harm.

OILS STILL IN GOOD FORM.

Oil shares are still in good form, thanks to the excellent showing of the recent dividend announcements.

The latest is that of the Mexican Eagle Company, which pays a second interim dividend of 6 per cent. on Preference and Ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. so far in respect of the year ended June 30. Therefore, if the balance dividend is simply the same as a year ago, viz., 8 per cent., the total distribution for the year will be 18 per cent.

There is, however, a fair prospect, in view of the strong financial position of the company, of a balance dividend being forthcoming, in December next, of 10 per cent., which would make 20 per cent. for the year. Readers of this column, who have bought the shares at very much lower prices than the present level of 2¾, have every reason for self-congratulation.

The same applies to Shell Transport, Burmahs, and Lobitos. The report of the last-mentioned company is due any day now, and the firmness of the shares, at around 45s, should indicate a good showing.

KAFFIRS CONTINUE IRREGULAR.

There has not been much doing in Kaffir shares. In the meantime, the Modder Group is firm, and Modder Deep have even touched 7¼. On the other hand, Knights Central have suffered a regular collapse, falling from 6s 6d to 3s 7½d on the shutting down of the mine. The Consolidated Mines Selection Group is firm.

RHODESIANS STEADY.

The feature in Rhodesians is the improvement in Chartered to 12s 9d on a very satisfactory Directors' report. The various mining shares, however, are dull. Notwithstanding a good dividend on De Beers Deferred Diamond shares, these have eased off, apparently on realisations until the next dividend comes along.

SILVER FLUCTUATES—TIN RATHER DULL.

Silver has been passing through various fluctuations, rising to 39½d, and relapsing again to 39½d.

Tin is easier at £243 17s 6d for cash, and Nigerian Tin shares are rather dull, South Crofty amongst Cornish mines being much firmer at 32s 3d. These have just raised their dividend from 3d to 6d per share, and are doing very well. Other Cornish mines of considerable promise, are East Pool and Dolcoath.

Copper is very quiet, and Copper shares are dull, even Rio Tinto having declined to 61½.

The King has awarded the silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to Martin Purcell and John Phillips, seamen of the Glasgow ship Clackmannanshire, for rescuing the ship's carpenter, who was washed overboard in the North Atlantic last January.

AWFUL DANGER OF RUPTURE.

DO NOT NEGLECT THAT SWELLING.

FREE OFFER TO EVERY SUFFERER.

Few people realise the awful danger of Rupture until too late. To begin with, the swelling may be only the size of a hazel nut and because it is small they think it doesn't matter.

Mr. D. M. COOPER

But if neglected that small swelling will grow larger and larger until it affects your whole life, destroys your health, and perhaps brings Death in its train in a sudden and ghastly form.

Do not neglect that swelling if you value your life and health. And do not think to cure it by wearing a vice like truss, which will probably make the Rupture worse, for there is no need for you to do either. To-day you are offered Treatment and advice which will instantly relieve your trouble and bring about a speedy and permanent cure.

Mr. D. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has invented a marvellous Appliance which, by means of a scientific, compressed-air pad, closes the ruptured part, keeps the Rupture in place, and brings about instant relief and eventually a lasting cure.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

Mr. Cooper says:—I will send to any address, in plain sealed wrapper, on approval, so that the sufferer can examine the Appliance for himself or herself before deciding to purchase it:

1. The special "Mecca" Appliance for the Relief and Cure of Rupture—the Appliance which, owing to the marvellous benefit secured by those who use it, is rapidly superseding the old-fashioned costly and useless trusts.

2. Full and complete instructions, which will show you how to strengthen the weakened muscular parts and enable the Appliance to bring about rapid relief and a natural and permanent immunity from any recurrence of the disorder.

The wonderful "Mecca" Rupture-Lock will be sent you on approval. Examine it for yourself, and you will find it immeasurably superior to the old-fashioned truss and likely to prove of the greatest relief and benefit to you. Moreover, the cost is only a few shillings, and easily within reach of all. Should you not wish to keep it, send it back, and no charge will be made. If you are a sufferer, do not lose a moment. Write to-day (a postcard will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd. (Dept. 7521), Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturday) between the hours of 11 and 1 and from 2 to 3.

DON'T WEAR CORNS.

Every man or woman who is afflicted with Corns should take advantage of a wonderful remedy discovered by Dr. Wilson. It has long been supposed that hard or soft Corns were not curable. The most stubborn and painful Corn disappears when treated with Dr. Wilson's Medicated Corn Pencil. Just a rub, that's all. I will gladly refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied. Nobody has applied yet. Thousands of grateful customers. Send P.O. 1s, Talbot Wilson, 16 Highgate Road, London, N.W.5.—(Advt.)

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

TRADE MARK

are the best remedy for Children Teething; quieting their restlessness, regulating their bowels, and improving their digestion, health, and spirits.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Of Chemists and Drug Stores — 1/1½ and 2/9 per packet.

125, New North Road, London, N.

FOR SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC TROUBLES.

WHY BOXERS NEVER HAVE THEM.

TOLD BY Jimmy Wilde

Some training camp secrets divulged by the all conquering little Welshman, world's champion at his weight, and winner outright of the Lonsdale Belt.

Since joining the Army gymnastic staff I have often been asked to explain the training methods responsible for my maintaining the continuously perfect state of physical fitness which has enabled me to win five consecutive world's championship contests within a period of thirteen months.

JIMMY WILDE.

"Liverishness," languor, acidity, indigestion and dyspepsia, catarrh, neuralgic pains, backache, headache, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, &c., &c., all arise simply from the accumulation of impurities in the system. Obviously the one and only way to get rid of the complaints quickly and permanently is to clear the impurities out. To do this, thoroughly cleanse the clogged organs of filtration, thus immediately purifying the blood and preventing the absorption of further poisons. The self-poisoning absorption process is the direct cause of most serious ailments and diseases. Auto-intoxication, the medical men call it, and, after all, such scientific terms as toxins, bacilli, uric or stomach acids, bacteria, &c., are only fancy names for common impurities or poisons.

To make and keep the whole body absolutely fit, the digestion good, the mind clear and alert, eyes bright, and nerves steady as steel, simply drink occasionally, before breakfast, a tumbler of hot saltrated water, prepared by adding a level teaspoonful, or less, of ordinary refined Alkia Saltrates. This produces a pleasant-tasting drink, and, being a common, standard compound, can be had at little cost from any good chemist. It exactly reproduces the curative waters of certain natural medicinal springs, and Eugene Corri, the famous referee, when speaking recently of its effects in his own case, said the saltrated water treatment proved better than a visit to a spa.

For Intestinal Disorders use Kalsel.—Advt.

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

100 Best Songs.—Album, with pianoforte accompaniments, post free, 1s 6d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, 9 Scott St., Perth.

FAITHFUL FALKIRK SCHOLARS.

Wonderful Record of Attendance.

Falkirk, Saturday.

When the children at Comely Park School, Falkirk, were released this week-end for the summer vacation the statement was made that the school had a roll of honour containing 500 names, of whom about sixty had made the supreme sacrifice.

Reference was also made to the unique attendance of two families. That of Mr James Law, 8 Dalderse Avenue, Falkirk, is probably without a rival. Seven children have attended school, and their record of consecutive years' attendance reads:—James, 9 years; Helen, 7½ years; Grace, 8 years; John 6½ years; David, 8 years; Alexander, 9 1-3 years (just leaving school); Josiah, 4 years (still at school).

The other family is that of Mr Thomas Gibb, High Station Road, Falkirk. There are four pupils, whose records are:—Sarah, 7 years; Agnes, 8½ years; Lizzie, 9 years; Jane (still at school), 5 years.

Women are to be allowed to act as "jurymen" in Russian Assize Courts.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. If your Chemist is unfortunately sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—

—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING	
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS	
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED	
—BLOOD SPITTING	—DIFFICULT BREATHING
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—PNEUMONIA	—NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS	—RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS	—CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA	—EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, it will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mrs Maitland, of Moorfield, writes on February 9th:—She herself was ordered to the Sanatorium, and has been discharged by the Doctor as incurable. Now for her own words:—"I went to the Chemist for my 'Liqufruta,' and he asked if the Sanatorium had done me any good. I told him no. I really owe my life to 'Liqufruta.' He told me how much better I looked. I said, 'Everybody I meet keeps telling me so.' I have gained 3½ lbs. in three weeks, and I am now feeling up to the mark, whilst at the Sanatorium I lost 7 lbs. in 7 weeks, and the Doctor said I was incurable. I wish I had only known about 'Liqufruta' sooner."

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

Just as in the case of this lady—no matter how long you have suffered—no matter how badly you have suffered—no matter if the trouble is Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough—no matter how many "remedies" you have tried without avail—"Liqufruta" will relieve or cure you if you will just give it a fair trial.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1917.

MILLIONS SPENT ON KIEL CANAL.

The Germans have spent a gigantic sum on their Kiel Canal from the North Sea to the Baltic—the canal which has figured so largely in the hide-and-seek tactics adopted by the Kaiser's fleet. Just before the war the Germans widened it at a cost of £15,000,000. Our American friends have had great anxiety over their Panama Canal, but not more so than the Germans over their boasted waterway. The craft that use Kiel Canal have to crawl along. It is said that if a cruiser were to make a dash through it at top speed it would cause irretrievable damage.

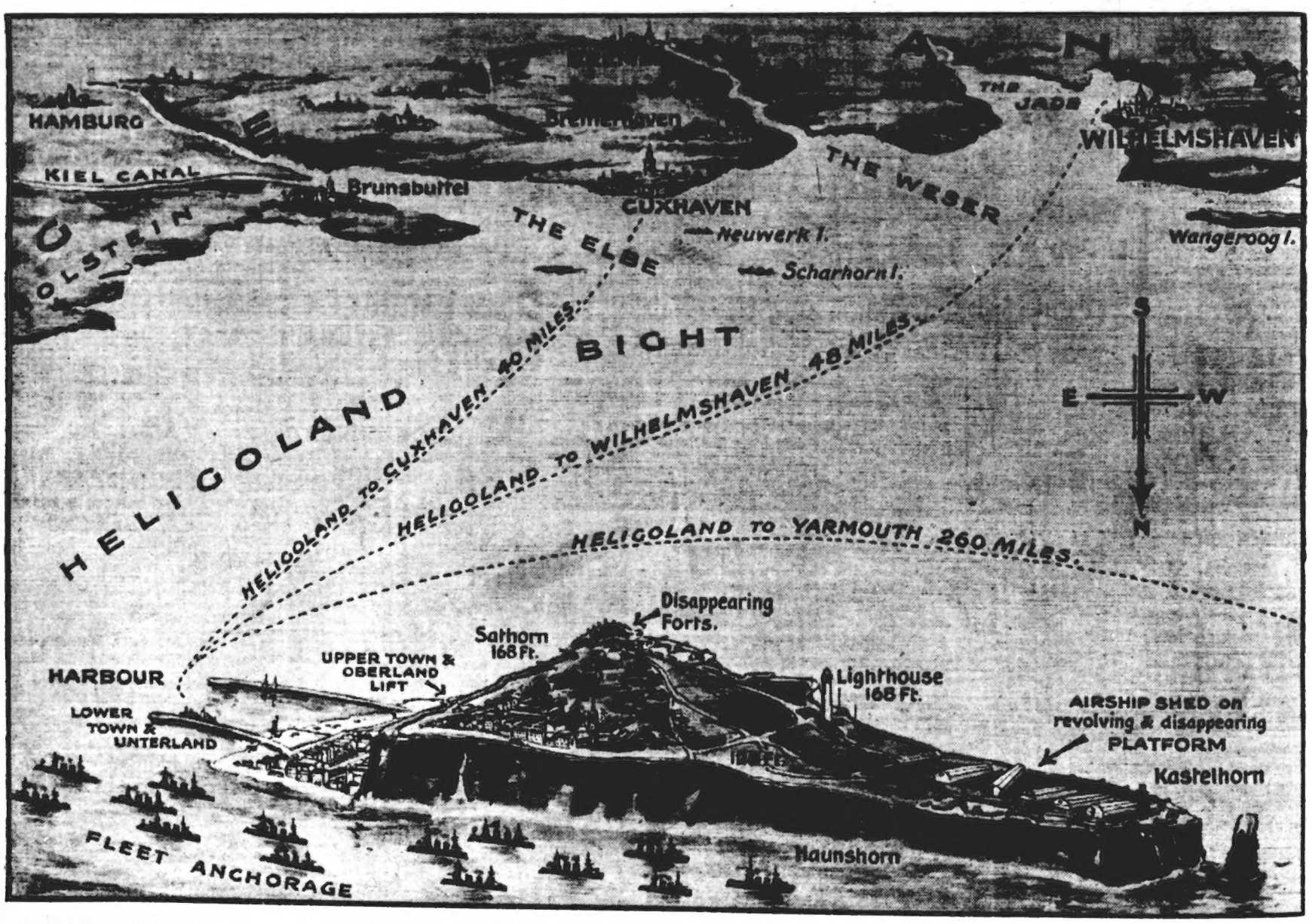
THE KAISER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Only six weeks before Britain declared war on Germany a British squadron of ships took part in festivities at Kiel, marking the completion of the extensions of the Canal, the broadening and deepening of which were necessitated by the advent of the Dreadnought. During these festivities the Kaiser, with the alleged shrewdness of the Hun, seized the occasion to pay his first visit to a British Dreadnought. "King George V.," but, as William afterwards grunted, he was not allowed to see much, and the British officers were quite discreet enough to tell him less.

SECRET MAP OF KIEL HARBOUR.

This secret map of Kiel Harbour was obtained in Germany by Mr J. M. de Beaufort, the author of "Behind the German Veil," now being published in "The Post Sunday Special," whilst he was making an incognito visit to Germany's naval bases, wihch he recognised were places which might be bombed by the Allies to a most advantageous extent. It provides unique information concerning the dockyards, forts, batteries, and giant cranes, whilst the mooring places of many of Germany's war vessels (past and present) are indicated, the names of some of the vessels lost in the present war being underlined. Kiel Canal is about 61 miles long. It is 144 feet wide at the bottom and 332 feet wide on the surface. It was built in 1887-95, costing nearly £8,000,000, and then it was found not to be wide enough, and in 1907 was enlarged at the cost of 11,000,000. It was again extended, the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal being opened in June, 1914. Kiel Canal has never paid as expected, for it has only yielded one per cent. of revenue. Mr De Beaufort, who went through the canal on board a neutral steamer, says that both sides of the canal were guarded at regular intervals by double sentries, and numerous military huts and sentry boxes were stationed at every mile. There must have been a soldier for every 100 yards. Anti-aircraft guns were lavishly distributed along the entire distances, especially on and near the bridges. The Kiel Harbour proper presents an imposing spectacle. "There was war craft of all kinds," says Mr De Beaufort, "the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern showing up conspicuously in its coat of white paint among the dark grey monsters."

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HELIGOLAND AND GERMAN COAST.



Heligoland is, of course, known as the German Gibraltar. The sum of £10,000,000 was spent on the towering rock before even a gun was mounted, and now it bristles with great ordnance. Many parts of the island as well as the buildings have been heavily armour-plated, and some of Krupp's biggest 12-inch and 16-inch guns, mounted on disappearing platforms and cunningly hidden, guard all approaches rfom the sea. This bird's-eye view gives a good idea of the position of Heligoland in relation to the coast of Germany.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.